

# Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 17, 1960

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SERIES  
REPORT

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# To the ten million men who have bought a Sunbeam Shavemaster

## SUNBEAM IS CHANGING THE SHAVEMASTER SHAVER.

We are addressing this special report to you because you may not want it changed. Through the years you have determined that the Shavemaster gave you more than comfort. It gave you a really close electric shave. And you also found that the Shavemaster is engineered to last for years and years.

From time to time we have given you significant improvements. But this is a major change.

The basic change that the new Shavemaster will introduce makes a radical difference in electric shaving.

As you know, nothing shaves like a blade.

This new Sunbeam shaves you with *three* real blades—positioned so they are always moving at the right angle. It delivers a shave so close it has to be compared with the results you get from a straight razor or the sharpest safety blade.

Its three permanent, self-sharpening blades meet your beard—however it may grow—shaving you closely, smoothly and unbelievably fast. Even faster than the Shavemaster you now use. Yet you don't feel the slightest pull or irritation.

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The new Shavemaster has changed electric shaving. And this is more than our opinion. It is the conviction of every man who uses it.

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*See it demonstrated on "What's My Line", "Naked City" and "The Untouchables"*



## NEW SUNBEAM SHAVEMASTER

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HUSBANDS PLEASE NOTE: GEORGE SHIELDS TOOK HIS WIFE TO EL FONDO INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL ON A BUSINESS TRIP. PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM HOLLYMAN

## "Someone said Rum Sour—and our dance was over"

—writes *Tiny Shields*, who lost a dance and gained a hat in Puerto Rico.

ASK my husband for a new hat when he's dancing—and he goes stone deaf. Mention a Rum Sour—and he's all ears.

That's life I guess. But at least I discovered that the Rum Sour is a sort of hearing aid.

Perhaps it's that dry, white Puerto Rican rum that puts a man in a receptive mood. Its dry, sunny lightness certainly gives a lift to a cocktail.

George says there's only one thing to

remember. Be sure the bottle label says "Puerto Rican Rum." But he's still mystified by that dry, sunny lightness. Can't decide whether it's the aging in oak, the mountain water, or the way the rum is distilled at high proof.

Why should I worry? I lost a dance but I got my new hat.

And I loved our trip across Puerto Rico to Ponce. The mountains, the sun-dappled villages, the hotel—everything.



### RUM SOUR

Juice of  $\frac{3}{4}$  lemon (1 oz.); 1 tsp. sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. Puerto Rican rum; shake with ice; strain into glass. Garnish with cherry and orange slice.

**FREE:** New 20-page Rum Recipe Book in color. Write: Rum of Puerto Rico, Dept. 12 E, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

  
**LOOK  
WHAT  
DODGE  
HAS DONE  
FOR  
COMPACTS**

**PRICE?** You can own a Lancer for at least a couple of hundred dollars less than the so-called low price cars. There is an obvious reason: Lancer is two feet shorter than standard automobiles. It is also lots leaner. You don't pay for fat. Lancer is available in two series, six models: two 4-door wagons; two 4-door sedans; a 2-door hardtop; a 2-door sedan. Every one of them parks obediently, welcomes a family of six lavishly.

**POSH?** When it comes to compacts, the juke-box school of interior design went out when Lancer came in. Lancer interiors are rich, but simple. The basic material used is knitted nylon, not woven as has been common practice. This new breed of foam-backed body cloth sheds soil flippanly, wears exceedingly well, and has a wonderful feel to it. A quiet compliment to your good taste.

**APPETITE?** The Lancer-6 inclined engine is a highly spirited piece of machinery. It is also very tight-fisted with a gallon of regular gasoline. Please notice, however, we do not mention a specific "miles-per-gallon" figure. This would be silly. So much depends on you and the way you drive. Lancer also has an alternator-generator. This device makes the battery last longer. As you can see, Lancer is a very economical car for family, personal, or business use.

**MANNERS?** Now you may ask, "Since when does a car have manners?" Answer. Since Lancer. It corners decisively, without excessive lean. When you stop, its nose stays up. When you start, it does not squat. Reason? Torsion bars up front, leaf springs in the rear. Lancer will take a well-scarred road with aplomb. Bumps? Some. But none of the harsh shock you would feel in a car with standard suspension. Lancer is mannerly in many other ways. It is very easy to get in and out of. No physical contortions are necessary. The seats are designed to fit the natural curves of your body. You will find them comfortable. All in all, Lancer's manners are beyond reproach.

**PARENTAGE?** The new Lancer is built by Dodge. Our name is on it. Among other good things this means the body is fully unitized and permanently rust-proofed by an exclusive Chrysler Corporation process; a process of dips and sprays that armor-plate the entire unit against corrosion. Lancer will stay new looking longer than its compact counterparts. It will be worth more at trade-in time. The car is also unusually quiet. The roof, floor, door panels and firewall are sound-proofed by combinations of liquid deadener, imported jute, spun glass and felt mats. Enough talk. Lancer is waiting for you at your Dodge dealer. Go now.

# LANCER



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## Next week

At the start of a new pro basketball season, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED scouts all the NBA teams, and Gil Rogen presents the volatile owner of the St. Louis Hawks, Ben Kerner.

A sports editor turned tour guide tells the hilarious story that his "members" never hear: how it feels to shepherd a bunch of Americans on a sporting journey to Europe.

In a spectacular portfolio, Robert Roper photographs and Tex Maule describes the violent world of professional football, where the biggest men are often also the best.







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1585

RENAULT

Dauphine

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## MEMO from the publisher

*Tareyton*

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BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB



Grant's



Kup Clothing



Pendleton



Manhattan



Sunbeam



SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



Jonathan Eyeglass Company

Creslan

EMERYOTT JOHNSON

HAMILTON

Smirnoff

*Sidney H. James*

THE lettering by which a publication distinguishes its title is called a logotype. As many of you have doubtless observed on this week's cover, ours has changed its style. Describing a logotype is a little like trying to describe a spiral without using your hands. Let it suffice, therefore, that our new logo is a design by Art Director Richard Gangel which strikes our eyes as being a forward step in legibility and attractiveness and is an example of refinements we are continually trying to bring to the pages of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

In the world of commerce the logotype is a trademark or symbolic device by which business institutions identify themselves in print and suggest such precious characteristics as quality, reliability and integrity.

They vary as much as the products and services they stand for. Those that form a border to this memo appear, with many others, in this issue, and we like to think they stand as an endorsement, a stamp of approval so to speak, of our own product.

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## COMING EVENTS

October 13, to October 20

All times are E.D.T.

\* Color television \* Television \* Not on radio

### Friday, October 13

#### BASKETBALL (television)

College All-Stars vs. New York Knicks (broadcasts, 8:30-9 p.m., Garden, New York)

#### HORSE SHOW

American Royal, Kansas City, Mo. (through Oct. 22)

### Saturday, October 15

#### BASKETBALL (no television)

\* St. Louis vs. Cincinnati at Indianapolis, 2 p.m. (NBC)

#### BOXING

\* Meyer vs. Fernandez, welter, 10 rds., Mad. Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (ABC)

#### FOOTBALL (radio)

\* Alabama at Tennessee

\* Arkansas at Texas (ABC) \*

\* Auburn vs. Georgia Tech at Birmingham

\* California at USC

\* Clemson at Maryland

\* Illinois at Minnesota

\* LSU at Kentucky

\* Michigan State at Notre Dame, 2:30 p.m. (ABC)

\* Mississippi at Tulane (N)

\* Navy vs. Air Force at Baltimore (ABC-TV)

\* Mutual radio \*

\* Northwestern at Michigan

\* Ohio State at Purdue

\* Oklahoma at Kansas

\* Penn State at Syracuse

\* TCU at Washington

\* Wisconsin at Iowa (ABC) \*

#### GOLF

\* All-Star Golf series, Litterer vs. Sandon, 5 p.m. in rock time zone (ABC)

#### HARNESS RACING

American Faring Classic, \$75,000, Ingwood, Calif. (also Oct. 22 and Oct. 29)

#### HORSE RACING

The Champagne, \$100,000 added, Belmont Park, N.Y.

The Hawthorne Gold Cup, \$100,000 added, Hawthorne, Ill.

#### HORSE SHOW

Pennsylvania National, Harrisburg, Pa. (through Oct. 22)

#### MOTOR SPORTS

USA Grand Prix for sports cars, Riverside, Calif. (also Oct. 16)

### Sunday, October 16

#### FOOTBALL (radio)

\* Boston at Oakland

\* Cleveland at Dallas (CBS Sports Network) \*

\* Dallas Texans at Houston (ABC) \*

\* Denver at Philadelphia (CBS) \*

\* Los Angeles at Baltimore (CBS-TV, NBC-TV)

\* Mutual radio \*

\* Los Angeles Chargers at Denver

\* New York Titans at Buffalo (ABC) \*

\* St. Louis at Pittsburgh (CBS) \*

\* San Francisco at Chicago (CBS) \*

\* Washington at New York (CBS) \*

#### GOLF

\* Celebrity Golf series, Dale Robertson vs. Sam Snead, 5 p.m. (NBC)

#### HOCKEY

\* Boston at Chicago

\* Montreal at Detroit

\* Toronto at New York

#### MOTOR SPORTS

NASCAR Grand National division, \$65,100, Charlotte, N.C.

### Monday, October 17

#### BOXING

\* Lethal Wrestling, Welter vs. Roseberry, Hollywood, Calif., 10:30 p.m. (NBC)

### Tuesday, October 18

#### HORSE SHOW

State Fair of Texas, Dallas (through Oct. 23)

### Wednesday, October 19

#### HOCKEY

\* Chicago at New York

\* Montreal at Toronto

### Thursday, October 20

#### BASKETBALL (radio)

\* Cincinnati at New York

#### HARNESS RACING

United Nations Trust, \$50,000, Yonkers, N.Y.

\* See local listing

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- 4 **Keeps cooling system clean**—better circulation; DOWGARD flows at full capacity through cooling system and heater.
- 5 **No evaporation problem**—when the special blue cap goes on a properly serviced cooling system.

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# SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

## THE PRICE WAS RIGHT

As the score mounted in last Thursday's 16-3 Yankee victory, the most nervous man in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was Herbert Levin, manager of The Syndicate, a clothing store. Levin had advertised that he would cut prices on suits, topcoats, sport coats and slacks in proportion to the total runs scored in each Series game. The cuts were to be \$1 per run on suits and topcoats, 75¢ per run on sport coats and 50¢ per run on slacks.

Fans began to mob the store after the eighth inning. The Syndicate had to put on five extra clerks, lock its doors and admit only 12 to 15 customers at a time. At one point there was a block-long line outside the store. And 100 more eager buyers were lined up when the store opened Friday morning. Said Levin: "It was the most phenomenal day in our 86-year history." He didn't seem very happy about it.

## ONE'S VIEW AT 365 MPH

A courageous man faced reporters in the Beverly Hills Hotel last week and tried to explain what had gone wrong. Sir Donald Campbell apologized for his impaired hearing and his bloodshot eyes (leftovers from a hairline skull fracture) and said, "It was not the fault of the machine."

This was Campbell's first public appearance since his \$4.5 million car rocketed off the runway at Bonneville Salt Flats in an acceleration test that was to have preceded an attempt at a new world land speed record. Campbell believes he knows exactly what happened: at 365 mph, the car was sideswiped by cross-ripping winds, with the result that the right wheels were biting into loose salt while the left wheels were grabbing air. "It was like losing the tread of a tank. One instantly blanked out," said Campbell, who has an aversion to the personal pronoun.

The machine was airborne for 300 yards, then rolled three times in the

air, came back to earth, took off again and slid for 80 more yards. "Then there was a period of gray-out in which one can remember being thrown across the cockpit. Later, one was pulled out of it. We have survived certainly the fastest road vehicle crash in history," Campbell said. Through it all, he added, the machine



"BROKEN BODIES ARE UNNECESSARY"

showed remarkable stability. "Not one single tire burst," he said, "despite two wheels off. The brakes were incredibly powerful."

Campbell attributed his survival to the fighter-plane harness he wore, plus his helmet. His g-meter showed that he withstood acceleration forces of 16 g's—his head actually traveled only about three inches before fracturing against the cockpit.

Ironically, Campbell arrived at the hospital at the same time as two elderly women who, he recalls, "came to grief at a mere 45 mph on the highway near by. One dear old thing broke her leg, her pelvis and her shoulder, all as a result of her car encountering a soft shoulder in the road."

The moral, Campbell said, is this: "One can prove that if man can survive a 365-mph crash, broken bodies are quite unnecessary at lesser highway speeds." To test this and other premises, Sir Donald and his rebuilt car will give it another brave whirl next year.

## BE PREPARED

Denver University Football Coach John Roning is a man who turns all stones. During practice last week he instructed his men in the technique of carrying him off the field on their shoulders after winning games.

## MURDER, INC.

In this era of the H-bomb and the zip gun, Thorason, Inc., of New York City, is offering to teach U.S. adolescents of all ages an ageless Japanese system for killing by hand. The system is karate, a method of hand-to-hand fighting which can be lethal. Unlike judo, which it in some ways resembles but which is largely a defensive science, karate stresses attack.

Thorason is marketing a book called *Saper Karate Made Easy*. It promises to teach you karate in a few easy lessons. "LEARN KARATE AT HOME faster this easy picture way" trumpets a full-page newspaper ad. Karate, the ad goes on to say, will "turn hands, elbows & feet into deadly weapons." It will teach you how to "use the nervous system [the other guy's, not yours] for mild, serious or fatal blows." You will "surprise your friends with your newly acquired skills." Surprise 'em, hell—you'll kill 'em.

## NOT SO MERRY GO-ROUND

Cindy's Delight, Anthony Presti up, was second by a head as the horses went across the finish line for the first time. But on the second lap around the half-mile track in Hagerstown, Md., Presti opened up a huge lead. In fact, he lapped the entire field. It would have been a great day for Presti if the race had been a mile and an eighth. But it was only five furlongs, and it had ended the first time around. Cindy's Delight evidently realized she had been hoaxed. Pulling up at the end of the superfluous second lap, she slammed to a stop and threw Presti. And they say horses are stupid.

continued





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## WHALE OF A TEAM

It used to be said in Japan that water would flow upstream and the sun would rise in the west before the Taiyo Whales of the Central Baseball League would win the pennant. Well, somebody better check the rivers and the sunrise. The Whales, having wallowed in the depths for six straight years, last week surfaced with a loud banzai and a barrage of home runs.

The Whales are owned by 64-year-old Kenkichi Nakabe, minnow-size proprietor of the world's largest fishing business, the Taiyo Whaling Co. Last year Nakabe decided that his baseball Whales were giving his industrial whales a bad name. He set aside \$63,000 for rebuilding. Prize purchase: slugger Third Baseman Takeshi Kuwata, who won the home run title with 31 and the rookie-of-the-year award. Nakabe also had a yen for Japan's most famous manager, Osamu Mihara, 48, who had won three consecutive pennants in the rival Pacific League.

Mihara, former Tokyo Giant infielder, took over the Whales this season and asked Owner Nakabe to give him three years to win a pennant. Permission granted, Mihara set about ridding the team of its loser's complex. On the field Mihara fought like honorable tiger, became the first Japanese manager ever evicted for socking an umpire. He steered his lineup, once using 26 players in a game, and three years became one.

As the team caught on, the fans responded. Razzle-dazzle cheerleaders began arriving at the Whales' games. They waved great flags saying, "WHALES, courtesy Central Fish Market," and "WHALES, the Ham and Sausage Manufacturers Association." Owner Nakabe bought himself a Whale baseball suit (No. 63) and ordered a special featherweight baseball so he could work out with the players. In the locker room after games, he challenged the players to wet towel-throwing contests, in which a towel is rolled into the shape of a ball and propelled toward a target. "Sometimes," says Nakabe proudly, "I beat my own pitchers."

Last week, when Nakabe's junk finally came in, the Whales led a victory snake dance from their home

continued



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## FACES IN THE CROWD

SCORECARD continued



**FRED B. SMALES** of Newport Beach, Calif., owner and skipper of *Esperado*, was the West Coast's Whiskey Trophy for ocean racing (an award given for the best total time in five races) over 14 other yachts, the first time a class-B boat has taken the trophy.



**RAE ANN ENDOGAHL**, 17, of San Jose, Calif., was named queen of Grand National Livestock Exposition and Horse Show to be held October 21-30 in San Francisco. Rae Ann has won 151 awards, is currently riding her mare Penny Shale in the three-gated class.



**DICK HUGHES**, 22-year-old pitcher who struck out 170 during the regular season for the Tulsa Oilers, pitched a 3-2 victory over the Mexico City Tigers, 1969 Mexican League champions, to clinch the Pan-American Association title for Tulsa.



**LEE GARTER** of Houston, Texas, scored 506 out of a possible 600 in three-day competition (50 shots at 25 yards with pistol, 20 shots at 100 yards with rifle, 20 shots at 16-yard trap with shotgun), took the International All Around Shooting title at San Antonio.



**CHARLES STEARNS** of Bellflower, Calif., world water ski champion, bounced 50 miles on a single ski from Long Beach, Calif., to Catalina Island and return, won the Grand National Ocean Marathon, a fog-shrouded race that only 19 out of 49 starters finished.



**BILL MUNCY** of Seattle, piloting *Miss Thriftway* at an average speed of 103.577 mph, captured the Governor's Cup for unlimited hydroes on the Ohio River at Madison, Ind., and clinched the national unlimited high point championship for the first time.

town of Kawasaki into downtown Tokyo. In the evening the players were feted at Tokyo's Grand Hotel (majority stockholder: the Taiyo Whaling Co.). Fifteen gorgeous geishas sashayed around in kimonos, opening beer bottles for the glorious players, and Kenkichi Nakabe stood on tiptoe behind a big victory cake, a three-foot bronze cup and a microphone. His speech was admirably short: "The team has shown a fine effort in winning the pennant under your good coach, Mihara." Then he moved shyly among the crowd, bowing and shaking hands, while the band played a discreet, congratulatory cha-cha-chu.

### THE INSIDE TRACK

- It has been (and will be) denied, but Forest Evashevski has selected his successor as Iowa football coach for next season. The choice: Jerry Burns, 33, backfield coach and, like Evashevski, a football alumnus of the University of Michigan.

- Preparing for the game against the Chicago Bears, Baltimore Colts' Coach Weeb Ewbank diagrammed 84 ways that Bear Linebacker Bill George moves on defense, drilled his team on each of them.

- The NCAA is seeking opinions from member schools on stricter recruiting and financial aid regulations. Probable result: a tightening of rules concerning visits by prospective athletes to college campuses.

- American compact cars have hit the French auto industry hard, with imports off 50%. Renault President Pierre Dreyfus noted American plans to export compacts, swore he would "fight back without mercy."

- At least two major league scouts have their eyes on Isiah "Fireball" Jackson, 21-year-old pitcher who won 18 and lost three for the Kansas State Penitentiary Red Sox. Jackson is serving a 10-to-21-year term for robbery, will be eligible for spring training in 1969.

- Horace Stoneham may or may not hire a new manager, but he definitely is going to mend his fences. Those in left and left-center field at San Francisco's Candlestick Park will be moved in next year to give Giant sluggers like Mays and Cepeda a better chance to conquer the winds.

END

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## EDITORIALS

# TAKE OFF THOSE RED SHIRTS

Colleges often are in doubt as to whether they are academic or athletic institutions; some are a lot of one or the other. Those that do go in for athletics intensively and extensively cling to star players as long as they possibly can—sometimes long enough for a man to have got his doctorate in football.

For a good many years now the "red-shirting" of football players has been prevalent in both state-supported and private institutions of learning. Red-shirting seems to have started in certain Southeastern Conference schools that had too many football players for use in one season. Coaches put red shirts on the surplus meat, let them work out in practice, but held them out of competition for a year. When a promising player began to do too well in his studies and was in danger of normal graduation, the coach often would persuade him to "adjust" his courses and thus spread his credits over five instead of four years.

## GROW UP, FLOYD

Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson was quoted last week as telling the British Boxing Writers' Club:

"I no longer seek recognition in America. I am just happy to go on winning fights, and after each victory I will tour Europe, where I know I am appreciated."

We are happy that Patterson received acclaim in England and Sweden. He deserves and has received plenty of recognition in the U.S. This magazine has always regarded him as a fine fighter—we picked him to beat Ingemar Johansson in their first title bout in June 1959—and we are sure he will continue to be a credit to the ring.

There were reports several years ago that one southern university had an entire team red-shirted and that it was better than the varsity squad then playing.

Nobody knows how much red-shirting goes on in colleges today, but there is enough to give some schools unfair athletic advantage and, rightly, to alarm the National Collegiate Athletic Association. In December 1957 the Big Ten passed an anti-red-shirt rule, and the NCAA is now sounding out other schools on adopting similar regulations. The Big Ten specifies that "no student shall be eligible to participate in intercollegiate athletics after the expiration of four consecutive 12-month periods following the date of his initial enrollment in an institution of college grade." The only exceptions to the Big Ten rule are "hardship cases," in which injury, military draft or economic stringency force a boy to drop out of school for a period. We think both the rule—and its escape clause—should be applied to all schools.

College football may not be as scientific after red-shirting is banned, but it certainly will be a lot more honest. Many students will get an education, and some colleges will be restored to academic purposes. Four balanced years of study and football rather than five or six years of 70% football and 30% study will make Jack healthier and wiser, even if it does not make his school wealthier.

But he is being silly out of the ring. Because some sportswriters and fans criticized him after he was knocked out by Johansson, he is now criticizing his country. Doesn't he know that all sports stars have had the experience of being blown upon hot and cold and have seen the worshipping fans run from one winner's camp to the next? The master jockey, Eddie Arcaro, is booed every time he loses on a favorite, but you don't hear him whine.

For whatever damage has been done to his sensitive ego, Patterson has been amply compensated by his fickle American admirers—to the tune of more than a million dollars.

Shrug that chip off your shoulder, Floyd, and grow up.



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A HANDS-FIRST SLIDE, A SWIRL OF DUST, A STRETCHING CATCH MARK. FIRST-BASE ACTION AS YOUNG BERNARD IS DOUBLED OFF SECOND ON A THROW FROM OUTFIELD TO BILL NAZEROSKI

The World Series was a battle of contrasts—between the stiletto-like skills of the singles-hitting Pittsburgh Pirates and the bludgeoning home-run power of the New York Yankees. The Pirates won their games deftly, delicately, with painful little slashes and stabs. The Yankees won theirs by knocking people unconscious with large clubs

# THE KNIFE AND THE HAMMER

by ROY TERRELL

## 1 LAW AND ORDER IN PITTSBURGH

In Pittsburgh, which is what Beat 'Em, Bucs, Pa. used to be called, it was the most perfect of days. A cheerful October sun danced across Forbes Field and a gentle breeze ruffled the ivy climbing the ancient walls. No one did a lick of work all day. By mid-afternoon it was apparent that the day's steel quotas had not been ignored in vain. The Pirates beat the Yankees 6-4 to make Pittsburgh hysterically happy.

The Yankees scored first when Roger Maris put one of Vernon Law's sliders into the upper deck in right field. If the Pirates were going to turn and run, this was the time to start. Instead they ran all over the Yankees. Bill Virdon led off with a walk and, on Art Ditmar's first pitch to Dick Groat, stole second. When Yogi

Berra's throw came sailing down to second base, neither Bobby Richardson nor Tony Kubek was present. Richardson and Kubek looked at each other and at Berra and Virdon and the ball, which by this time was in center field. Virdon grinned and kept right on going to third base. Dick Groat doubled to right, scoring Virdon. Bob Skinner singled through the middle, scoring Groat. Then Roberto Clemente also singled through the middle, scoring Skinner, who had stolen second. Mickey Mantle had a big inning picking up stray baseballs in center field.

Fine defensive plays stopped the Yankees in the second and in the fourth. In the second, Skinner caught Richardson's line drive in left and threw it in to Bill Mazeroski at second base to double up Berra, who flopped frantically in the dirt like a beached whale (opposite), trying to get back. Yogi also was victimized in the fourth when, with Maris on second and Mantle on first, he hit the longest, highest, hardest fly ball he has hit all year. But Forbes Field is a big ball park, and when the ball

came down, both Virdon and Clemente were under it. Virdon made the catch—bouncing off Clemente—and although Moose Skowron singled later for the Yankee run, the famed Yankee big inning never occurred.

In the Pirate fourth, Jim Coates, who had relieved Ditmar, threw a fast ball right across the letters to Mazeroski. The count was two strikes and no balls and Mazeroski was surprised to see such a nice fat pitch in such a situation, but not too surprised to hit it over the scoreboard for two more runs.

That was about all except for Roy Face. No Pirate victory is quite official without Face. In the eighth the Yankees led off with two singles and Danny Murtaugh decided that maybe Law was getting a little tired or maybe his twisted ankle was beginning to ache. Anyway, Murtaugh waved in Face. Mantle struck out, Berra flied out, Skowron struck out.

The Yankees looked futile. In the light of what happened the next day, it was a pretty sneaky way for a World Series to start.

*continued*

## 2 MANTLE AND HIS MOB BREAK LOOSE

It ruined Wednesday night in Pittsburgh and again on Thursday morning and again just before the game. The Pirates would have been better off if it had rained all day. The Yankees turned a relatively close ball game into a complete rout with seven runs in the sixth inning and before they

were through managed to compile a number of interesting statistics. Not the least of these was the score, 16-3.

Yet this was a ball game that the Pirates might have won except for a number of circumstances that came together in the Pittsburgh half of the fourth. It all began when Bob Skinner showed up at the park with a jammed thumb, suffered during a slide into third the day before, and had to be kept out of the lineup. This forced Murtaugh to play Rocky Nelson at first base, in order to keep a high level of left-hand hitting against the Yankees' Bob Turley, and depleted his bench of left-hand batters.

Bob Friend started against Turley and pitched good ball for four innings, striking out six and allowing six hits, most of them bleeders through the infield. The Yankees scored twice in the third when Gil McDougald doubled down the left-field line—the Pirates insisted the ball was foul—and again in the fourth when Turley hit a hanging curve ball for a single with Richardson on base. But Friend's fast ball was whistling and even the Yankees admitted later they were lucky to lead by three runs.

In the fourth the Pirates struck back. Gino Cimoli and Smokey Burgess singled, and Don Hoak followed with a

IN YANKEE CLUBHOUSE AFTER GAME MICKY MANTLE WAS THE FAIR-HAIRED BOY



double. This scored one run, put runners on second and third with none out and set up a situation which could have settled the 1960 World Series right there. Another hit would have tied the score and sent Casey Stengel waddling out to remove Turley, and who knows what might have happened then? But Mazeroski's vicious drive went straight into Gil McDougald's glove at third base and it was Murtaugh who pulled out his pitcher, the weak-hitting Friend, for a pinch hitter. With Nelson already in the game, Murtaugh sent up Gene Baker, a right-hand-hitting utility infielder with a .243 average. Baker popped

out. Bill Virdon ended the inning by grounding to Richardson. The Pirates didn't know it immediately, but only agony remained for them.

Against the Pirate relief pitchers—Fred Green, Clem Labine, George Witt, Joe Gibbon and Tom Cheney—the Yankees went wild. By the end of the day, Mickey Mantle had two home runs, Richardson a double and two singles, Kubek three singles, Howard a tremendous triple and a single. The Yankees had 19 hits in all, seven of them in that amazing sixth inning. Mantle drove in five runs, tying a Series record held by Tony Lazzeri, Bill Dickey and Ted Kluszewski;

his two home runs were both hit right-handed and the second escaped Forbes Field at the 436-foot sign in center field, where no right-handed batter had ever hit a baseball before. When Mantle got through, he had 13 World Series home runs, only two behind Babe Ruth.

Later, the Yankees were not too exhilarated and the Pirates didn't seem too depressed. "Anybody got hurt out there today?" asked Murtaugh. "No? Then we're O.K."

A photographer asked Stengel to look happy. "Hoorsy for us," Casey said.

*continued*

MANTLE'S TWO HOME RUNS BROUGHT JUBILANT ACCLAIM FROM HIS TEAMMATES, STUNNED STARES FROM PITTSBURGHERS



# 3

## BOBBY RICHARDSON: THE MOUSE THAT ROARED

The Pirates waved the second game aside as just one of those things; they decided to file it and forget it. But on Saturday the Yankees started in as if Thursday's game had never ended. This time there were no ifs and buts and might-have-beens. This time the Pirates were simply demolished. The score was 10-0 and the game was not as close as it sounds.

Vinegar Bend Mizell started for the Pirates and in the first inning gave up three singles, a walk and a run before turning the ball over to Clem Labine with one out and the bases full. Labine fooled Elston Howard with a good sinker, but Howard topped the pitch slowly down the third-base line, so slowly that it could not be fielded. Another run scored and the bases remained loaded. Bobby Richardson came to bat.

The little second baseman (5 feet 9 inches) is one Yankee that rival pitchers don't mind pitching to with bases occupied. During the regular season Richardson hit just one home run. Never in his life, in the majors, minors or high school, had he hit a bases-loaded homer. "As a matter of fact," Bobby said later, "I've never even hit a three-run homer in the big leagues. I don't get much of a chance. Usually, in a situation like that, all I hear is Casey bellowing 'Hold that gun!' and then he takes me out for a pinch hitter."

This time, because it was only the first inning and the Yankees already had two runs, Casey left him in. Bobby tried to bunt the man in from third, missed, and Labine ran the count to 3 and 2. Then Clem confidently grooved a fast ball. Wee Bobby—to his own astonishment and the stupefaction of the Pirates—smashed a sharp line drive into the left-field stands for a grand-slam home run.

In the fourth, with the bases loaded again, Richardson came up again, now the big hero, with the crowd roaring for him to do it—again. Bobby

didn't, but the sharp single he sent into left field scored two more runs and increased his runs batted in for the day to six, a total that erased the names of Lazzeri, Dickey, Klusowski and Mantle from the World Series record books, at least in this particular category.

"I hope they leave all those guys in there with their five runs batted in," said Tony Kubek, who is Richardson's good friend, "or everyone will look at Bobby's name and figure this isn't much of a record."

Mickey Mantle hit a home run to move within one of Babe Ruth's Series record, and by getting a pair of singles and a double in four other times at bat, enjoyed his biggest—if not his most dramatic—Series day.

Whitey Ford, who pitched the shutout, didn't need all those muscles. He gave up a double in the fourth inning and singles in the sixth, the seventh and the ninth. That was all. He walked only one man. It was Whitey's sixth World Series victory; only Red Ruffing and Allie Reynolds, both Yankees, naturally, had won seven.

Even after the bombing, Murtaugh was philosophical, which could be accounted for by three things:

1) The Pirates still trailed only 2-1 in the Series.

2) His pitching staff was in wonderful shape—excluding, of course, Labine, Green, Witt, Cheney and Gibbons, who had marched in the same dreary parade in both the second and third games. Law was rested and ready to work again. Friend had pitched just four innings and was itching to get back at the Yankees. Harvey Haddix hadn't pitched at all. ElRoy Face had been in only two innings.

3) Saturday was Danny Murtaugh's 43rd birthday.

If he had told the Yankees, they might have baked a cake.

continued





**SURPRISE SLUGGER** Bobby Richardson joins the Pirates and Pitcher Clem Labine

with grand-slam homer (above), crosses home plate (below) as dejected Labine

turns away and the three Yankees who were on base offer their congratulations.



# 4 VIRDON SAVES FACE AND THE RULE OF LAW

By Sunday New Yorkers were beginning to wonder if the Pirates, like the long-gone National League itself, were a myth. Where was all the deadly pitching and defense, the decisive, timely hitting, the fabled spirit

which had flattened good ball clubs like Milwaukee and St. Louis and San Francisco and L.A.? Finally, in the fourth game of the 1960 World Series, the doubters saw the team that had won its pennant by seven games. The Pirates did not overpower the Yankees as they had been overpowered, but they won 3-2 and proved that they were indeed real.

The three key men, as in the opening-game victory in Pittsburgh, were Law, Face and Virdon. And perhaps the key moment of the game came in the first inning, when Bob Cerv,

leading off for the Yankees, singled, and Tony Kubek doubled him to third—just as though the Pirate nightmare of Thursday and Saturday was to continue forever. It was then that Law demonstrated how superior the first-line Pittsburgh pitching is to that of the secondary relief men who had been drubbed so unmercifully in the previous two games. He made Maris fly out to short right field. He walked Mantle intentionally to set up the double play, and he forced Berra to bounce into that double play. Hoak took the ball, stepped on third and

COURAGEOUS LEAPING CATCH BY BILL VIRDON OF YANKEE BOB CERV'S POWERFUL DRIVE TOWARD CENTER FIELD BLEACHERS IN





buzzed it across to first to beat Berra by inches.

The Pirates knew then that they were not going to be slaughtered, and they were not particularly concerned when the Yankees did score. Skowron rammed a pitch into the right-field seats with two out in the fourth, but instead of coming apart, Law got tough; he struck out four of the next five batters.

Ultimately, he tired, and the Yankees got to him for a double and two singles to score another run in the seventh. This left two men on base

with one out—so in came Face to save the game. The first batter, Cerv, whaled a baseball out into right center, almost to the 497-foot mark on the bleacher wall. Back went Virdon at full speed to save the saver. He jumped high into the air, caught the ball and landed, rolling, against the fence. That was the last chance the Yankees had.

As for the Pirate offensive against Ralph Terry, it was nothing for four innings; the slender right-hander struck out five, gave up no hits and only one unimportant, two-out walk.

But when the Pirates finally got a foot in the door, they wiggled and pushed until they had three runs.

Gino Cimoli led off the fifth with a single. Smoky Burgess hit a two-strike curve ball down toward first base, the ball hopping slowly, and Skowron came in to pick it up. He threw to Kubek at second, trying to get the lead man, and the throw was late. Everyone was safe. When Hoak and Maserucci popped out to the infield, it appeared that Terry was out of trouble, however, for now the pitcher was coming up.

But Vernon Law is a pitcher who can hit, and he hit Terry for a double into the left-field corner. Cimoli scored and Burgess reached third. Virdon, with two strikes, swung and hit the ball on the handle of his bat. It flew lazily out into center field, dropped 15 feet in front of the hard-charging Mantle, and both Burgess and Law scored. When Law reached the whooping Pirate bench, Danny Murtaugh walked up the steps to meet him and solemnly shook his hand.

The Yankees didn't feel too bad about Face; this was the best relief pitcher in the National League, probably in all baseball, and they had hit a couple of pretty good shots against him. Somebody just happened to catch the ball. As a matter of fact, the Yankees didn't seem to feel too bad about anything. They dashed into their dressing room, into the players' lounge, and cheered uproariously as Frank Gifford caught a touchdown pass from Chuck Conely to help the football Giants beat the Steelers 19-17 on TV. Pittsburgh hadn't completely swept the day.

In the Pirate dressing room, Law had to grin about Skowron's home run. "I didn't even intend for that pitch to be a strike," he said. "I was trying to throw it outside. It was outside, all right, but not far enough for that guy."

Virdon thought that the catch he made in the first game off Berra was tougher than the big one he had made against Cerv. "I had more room to go back," he said. "Also, Clemente wasn't climbing up my back."

At the end of four games, the Yankees had 32 runs to 12 for the Pirates; they had 56 hits to 32 and seven home runs to one. But the score in games was 2-2 and it was no longer a short World Series.

*continued*

SEVENTH INNING PREVENTED TWO RUNS THAT WOULD HAVE PUT YANKS AHEAD



# 5

## HADDIX AND FACE: HOPE FULFILLED AND FAITH REAFFIRMED

The cloak of invincibility which enfolded the Yankees after their early, crushing victories began to show a few loose threads on Sunday. In the fifth game, on Monday, the Pirates clawed it to shreds. Two little Pittsburgh pitchers, Harvey Haddix and—of course—Elroy Face, stopped the Yankees on five hits while the bat-swinging part of the Pirate lineup slashed and poked and rattled four Yankee pitchers for 10 hits and a 5-2 victory.

Haddix and Face were working with a lead all the way. The Pirates, who came through with three-run innings in each of their first two Series victories, hit the magic number again against Art Ditmar. In the way of the Pirates, it was exciting.

Dick Stuart singled to lead off the second and was forced by Cimoli. Burgess doubled into right field, sending Cimoli to third. At this point the Yankees got into the act with an infield error which Stengel was later to classify as "a very bad thing to do." Kubek fielded Hoak's slow roller and, with no chance to get Cimoli

at the plate, threw to McDougald at third. But McDougald dropped the ball, Burgess slid in mightily, and everyone was safe, including Hoak on second base. Then Bill Mazeroski rammed a double out into left field for two more runs and a lead that Pittsburgh never lost.

The Pirates scored again in the third off Luis Arroyo when Groat doubled and Clemente singled him home; and again in the ninth off Ryne Duren when Burgess opened the inning with a single to left field and chugged on to second as Cerv fumbled the ball. Joe Christopher, in to run for Smoky, went hurtling down to third when Duren turned loose a wild pitch. Hoak smashed a fast ball back through the box and out into center field to score him.

Haddix, pitching in his first World Series game after 10 big league seasons, gave the Yankees both their runs in the first three innings. Elston Howard doubled into right field leading off the second and moved around on successive infield outs. Roger Maris hit a home run into the upper deck

in right in the third inning. However, through the middle part of the ball game the Yankees could do nothing with Harvey's good curve. ("He was breaking everything low," said Stengel, "and my fellows were chasing it.") At one point Haddix struck out five of eight Yankee batters, but finally, like Law before him, he weakened.

With one out in the seventh, Kubek and pinch-hitter Hector Lopez singled to put runners on first and second. Out came Murtaugh to relieve Haddix and give his signal for Face: right hand held out flat, palm down, about three feet from the ground, which means "Give me the little guy." Against nine Yankee batters, the little guy had no trouble at all. Throwing more sliders than fork balls, Roy let only Mantle reach base, on a walk, and Mantle was unable to move a step farther.

"I'll bet," said Bob Skinner, who is 6 feet 4 inches tall, "that when Face goes out there to pitch, he looks as big as me."

As the two ball clubs packed and began the trip back to Pittsburgh, where the Series would resume on Wednesday, the Yankees had added another home run to their impressive total, while the Pirates still had just one. But now it was the Pirates who were out ahead. The knife seemed to be carving "Beat 'Em, Bucs" on the hammer.

END

### THE UNEXPECTED HEROES OF THE THREE GAMES IN NEW YORK



**BOBBY RICHARDSON** of the Yankees, who reached the major leagues because of his fielding skill, hit a grand-slam home run in the third game and had six RBIs.



**BILL VIRDON** of the Pirates was the defensive and offensive star of the fourth game. He made a game-saving outfield catch and drove in the winning runs.



**HARVEY HADDIX** gave the Pirates a big lift by pitching strongly in the fifth game, allowing only two runs until the seventh inning, when it was time for Roy Face.



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## THE BIG TEN IN FULL STRIDE

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RUN AND OHIO STATE'S  
NEW BID FOR POWER

## RECORD RUN AND BRIGHT KIDS WRECK ILLINOIS

by ALFRED WRIGHT

NEVER," said Kenneth L. (Tug) Wilson, Commissioner of the Big Ten, "have I seen so many outstanding sophomores Glinka and Rainey of Michigan. Joe Williams and Sammie Harris of Iowa. Ron Miller of Wisconsin. Yakubowski of Purdue. Ulmer and Kline of Ohio State. And those linemen—Behrman and Bobbitt of Michigan State."

Never, Wilson might have added, had he seen such a comeback for the Western Conference. Supposedly the sick men of football, the Big Ten teams in the early season bashed out-of-conference opponents with the happy abandon of big leaguers playing against Class-D farm teams. Last week the Midwesterners devoted most of their energies to belaboring each other. It is still too early in the season to say which of them is

the strongest. It may be Iowa, which intercepted a bobbled ball and went on to smash Michigan State 27-15. It may be Minnesota, which was slowed down by a revived Northwestern before it won 7-0; or it may be Wisconsin, which rode neatly on the right-hand tosses of Müller and beat Purdue 24-13. But the chances are it will be Ohio State, which last week made 34-7 Peoria hash of Illinois, previously ranked fourth among the teams in the country.

The word was out before the homecoming game at Champaign-Urbana in the flatlands of eastern Illinois that this was to be an Illinois year, even though it was Coach Pete Elliott's first. By the game's end, most of the 71,119 people in the homecoming crowd were willing to heed the uncharacteristic, preseason optimism of Ohio State Coach Woody Hayes. Curiously, this was not a typical

Hayes team. The defensive line averaged a fairly flimsy 205 pounds. A few years ago it would have had to weigh 20 pounds more per man to raise even a grunt from hard-to-impress Hayes.

But this is not a typical year in the Big Ten, either. Conference coaches had moaned for months that stricter academic controls on players and the adopted aid plan (under which a boy's parents are expected to pay as much of his way through school as they can afford) had kept good players out of their league. "Missouri and Kansas," said one coach, "have benefited more by the aid plan than any other schools in the country."

The aid plan also demanded higher academic standards on the part of entering athletes, and the boys who survived are today leading their teams. According to Bill Reed, Wilson's chief aide, "More than three-fourths of the Big Ten students receiving grant-in-aid support last year ranked in the upper quarter of their high school classes." These boys came to school at a time when college football was becoming more complex than ever. This year they are also playing under the relaxed substitution rule which in effect permits the platooning of teams. Smaller, perhaps less sturdy than their huge brothers of former years, they are faster physically and mentally and they can be withdrawn for a brief rest when their willing but weak flesh flags in the hard going.

This is not to say that Hayes's style of play has changed radically. It has not. Hayes expects to be as successful this year as he was when he won the Big Ten title two times in a row and went to the Rose Bowl twice using a quarterback-fullback pattern of play. The ball is carried either around the outside of the line by the quarterback on an option play or through the line by the fullback. In Ohio State's legged victories over Southern Methodist and Southern California, Quarterback Tom Matte and Fullback Bob Ferguson carried the ball on 80% of the 115 running plays.

It was clear from the beginning of the Illinois game that Ohio State intended to stick to its basic formula. The Buckeyes controlled the ball throughout most of the first quarter, running with it 19 times and passing once. On nine plays, Ferguson carried

CHUNKY, DRIVING OBU FULLBACK BOB FERGUSON (46) TEARS THROUGH ILLINOIS LINE





OSU QUARTERBACK TOM MATTE (41), HAVING FAKED PITCHOUT, DASHES AROUND ILLINOIS END IN 57-YARD TOUCHDOWN SPRINT

for a total of 56 yards. Matte carried on the option three times for 21 yards. When the gun sounded to change sides, Ohio State had the ball on the Illinois two-yard line and scored on the first play of the second quarter.

By then there was no doubt in anyone's mind that Ohio State was the dominant team and would remain so barring serious misfortune to Matte or Ferguson. Ferguson, particularly, was a most awesome sight. He is 6 feet tall, but he looks much shorter, and his stumpy legs give him the appearance of having been chiseled by a pre-Columbian sculptor. He weighs about 220 pounds, and several times tacklers bounced off him as if they had run into a vertical trampoline.

Against Illinois, the team lined up in a balanced line with a wingback

on one side or the other and occasionally a double wing. If Matte didn't hand the ball to Ferguson for a plunge, he faked it to him, started to the outside, feinted a pitchout to a halfback and cut inside or outside his end.

The slow progress involved in this kind of football consumes a lot of time. Ohio State was ahead by only 13-0 at half time. But at the start of the third quarter Bill Wentz provided the game with its brightest moment. He took the Illinois kickoff behind his own goal line and ran down the sideline 103 yards for a touchdown to put the game out of reach of any Illinois surprises.

There may be a lesson in Ohio State's victory. Hayes is an organizer, and in this year of the liberal substitution rule it is the organizers

who are going to win. Hayes has divided his team into three units, one defensive, two offensive. His passion for detail is such that when players are not in the game they must sit in particular spots on the bench so there will be no confusion in the coaches' minds where to find a player at a given instant. Hayes sends in each offensive play with a tackle or expendable halfback, taking the last possible advantage of the wild card rule.

"It's the smallest defensive team I ever had," he says, "and maybe the smallest in the Big Ten. I couldn't get away with playing them if I weren't able to platoon them, because the bigger teams would wear them down. But they're quick, which is what you need." They are good, too, and that helps. **END**



## Dragon Race

Like fat centipedes, 24-man Formosan dragon boats from Chiu-mei crawl along the Tamsui River before the annual race held on "Double Ten" (Oct. 10), the anniversary of the founding of the Republic of China.

*Photograph by Louis Kessel*







## Dinner For Three

It's frog-filled table d'hôte as Elsa, the lioness heroine of Roy Adamson's current best-seller, *Born Free*, feeds her cub cubs. The lion family was discovered at supper when Mrs. Adamson, who raised Elsa to maturity as a pet and then set her free, dropped in on their jungle home in Kenya. Unlike their mother Elsa, the cubs, two males and a female, are being raised wild, and Mrs. Adamson resists their invitation to teach the young ones for fear they'll be spoiled.

*Photo by Roy Adamson*





WITH TOOTS, YANKS BERRA, MANTLE AND FORD PORDER A RULING BY HEAD U.S. UMPIRE, CHIEF JUSTICE EARL WARREN

## Tenting with Toots

The day before the first Series game in Yankee Stadium last week, the sporting world's raucous and temporarily unemployed saloon-keeper, Toots Shor, set up a tent on the site of his proposed new restaurant and invited some friends in to break the ground. Among the buddies who showed up were U.S. Chief Justice Earl Warren and some very busy ballplayers named Mantle, Berra and Ford. For Toots, who hopes to have his new place open by the spring, it was "a real happy" homecoming. "Everybody have a booze," he cried, and—naturally—the drinks were on the house.

JACK DEMPSEY SHOWS JIM FARLEY HOW TO PUNCH



PHIL HARRIS SHARES A JOKE WITH GOLFER JIMMY THOMSON AND SHOR



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# GENTLE ICEMAN AT WORK

A new Ranger coach, Alf Pike, hopes to build a winning team using kindness instead of cholera

by HUSTON HORN



PIKE'S SOFT SELL HAS CONVERTED NEW YORK'S INDIVIDUALISTS INTO A UNIT

WITH THE professional hockey season just a week old, it is far too early to tell which is the best team in the NHL. It is not too early, however, to tell which one is the most changed; it is the New York Rangers.

Part of this change has been bred of shame. Last season the Rangers won only a sorrowful 17 out of 70 games played, wound up in a heap at the bottom of the league and, for the second year running, missed out on the prestige (and the money) of hockey's championship series, the Stanley Cup playoffs. Not one Ranger doubts that this record, an alltime low for the team, can be improved upon.

As individuals, at least five of the teammates who contributed to this group disgrace are among hockey's very best players. This was plainly apparent last week when Ranger Captain Red Sullivan, Andy Bathgate, Andy Hebenton and Bill Gads-

by took to the ice as members of the NHL All-Star team and beat the mighty Canadiens. A fifth Ranger, Dean Prentice, was prevented from participating only by injury.

The main difference between these individual but ineffectual stars of last year and the Rangers of this year is that they suddenly have started to look like a team, a seemingly simple but actually complex wonder accomplished by their new coach, Alf Pike.

Alf is a former Ranger defenseman who took over the coaching job in mid-November of last year. He already is held in high regard by the Rangers but, ironically, this regard—at the moment anyway—is inspired less by the coach he is than the coach he is not. What he is not, in unminced words, is his predecessor, the voluble, choleric, fire-breathing Phil Watson, who quit the Rangers with ulcers.

In contrast to the temperamental

and tactless Watson, whose relations with his players were less than cozy, Alf Pike coaches with the gentle prod and the soft rebuke. Beyond that, he radiates confidence that is quickly reflected in those around him. As the Rangers began to crumble early last season, Watson betrayed his uncertainty by frantically switching his men around, changing his lineups almost daily and—many felt—on whim. This is a perilous practice in a game that depends as much as hockey does on almost intuitive teamwork, and the Rangers responded predictably by falling apart. Alf Pike has not yet completely restored the equilibrium. But he has given the Rangers new confidence. A case in point is that of Lou Fontinato, one of the Rangers' ablest (and angriest) defensemen. He once more is back in fighting form after a listless year. Some critics felt

continued

Fontinato had been tamed by his happy marriage, but the marriage is still doing all right and Fontinato is doing much better.

Whether Alf Pike's new formula will lead to victory remains to be seen, but the Rangers, if a look at them at their training camp in Kitchener, Ontario last month meant anything, give every indication of thinking so. As Andy Bathgate put it: "We've never had it so good." As Muzz Patrick, the Ranger vice-president and general manager, put it: "I'll say nothing against Phil Watson, who's a personal friend of mine. But I will say this: I've not seen a happier training camp in five years than this one run by Pike."

A hockey training camp is a place where old skills are refurbished and slack bodies reattuned to the strains and whacks of some of the fiercest body contact in sport. It is a time of high temperament and touchy egos, when the veteran must prove that he is just as good as he used to be and the rookie must prove that he is even better than the scout thought.

In Kitchener the Ranger training day began at 7 a.m. The team was quartered, two men to a room, at the Walper Hotel, Kitchener's best, and given \$7 a day for expenses. With the first payday not due until November,



BRIAN CULLEN SAWS STICK TO SUIT HIM

everyone spent his cash sparingly, and the universal penury helped engender a helpful spirit of democracy among youngsters and veterans. By 8 each day the first players would have finished their bargain breakfasts at the Pennsylvania Kitchen across the street (scrambled eggs and sweet rolls—60¢) and have begun to drift into the locker rooms of Kitchener's Memorial Auditorium. Often not yet fully awake, they would pull off a shoe, then stop to smoke a cigarette before pulling off the other.

"You see here where old Stan Musial says he's going to play in one

more World Series before he quits?" Defenseman Bill Gadsby asked his teammates one Friday morning as he pounded a newspaper with the back of his hand. Gadsby has been playing in the NHL for 14 years. "I guess I'll just have to play in another Stanley Cup before I quit, too."

"When's that going to be, Father?" muttered a voice from the corner.

"I hope to God it's this year," said Gadsby. "I'll be too old to stand up before long."

Brian Cullen, still in street clothes, balanced a hockey stick in his hand, sensed a subtle irregularity and sent for a saw to take a quarter inch off the end of the blade. "What are you going to do with that puck they gave you the other night?" Cullen asked Don Johns, as he got to work. In an exhibition game with the Toronto Maple Leafs, Defenseman Johns, a rookie, had scored a goal, his first in major league play. "I don't know. I guess I'll have it mounted on a trophy of some kind," said Johns, showing boyish embarrassment at having to admit his pride.

Across the hall, Goalie Gump Worsley sat musing, stark naked, a cigarette in his fist. "Hey, Alf," he said to Pike, who was lacing his skates. "Ya know my kid's playing right wing up in Montreal?"

"Why the hell ain't he a goalie like his old man?" asked Tubby Esmagné, the Ranger skate manager. "Yeah, he ought to try that," said Worsley. "And he'll try it just once, I'll tell you." As if to illustrate, Worsley slipped his tongue under his lip, still attached together where a puck had slit it in two five days before.

While the men dressed, Frank Paice, their trainer, passed among them—as he did each morning—dropping clean socks and underwear at their feet, parceling out Aspergum to those with colds, friction tape to those with drooping wooden hose. Finally, he took a dozen pucks from the ice-tray compartment of the dressing-room refrigerator (frozen pucks, being harder, have less bounce to the ounce) and scattered them on the rink. A half dozen players were already on the ice, circling slowly, stretching their sticks over their heads to unkink themselves. Occasionally one of them caught a puck on his stick blade and slammed it viciously at the rinkside boards or the



VETERAN GUMP WORSLEY SHOWS FINE POINTS OF GOAL TENDING TO ROOKIE MCCARTAN

continued

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untended goals. Bathgate, an unassuming but quietly confident young man, was idly executing a series of figure eights.

Alf Pike appeared on the ice, muffled in a Ranger jacket, and blew his whistle. As the coach buskily began to call directions, the men skated fast, then slowly, then reversed and repeated the exercise. Presently Pike spit the team into groups of forwards and defensemen, and they scrimmaged.

"I don't like those passes," Pike shouted in unexpected irritation at one point. "I want to hear zippy-zip-zip."

To the lay ear, zippy-zip-zip is hard to distinguish amid the uproar of shouts, the crack of sticks and the ripping sounds of the skate blades, but Pike must have heard it, for he dropped the subject in seeming satisfaction. A moment later he found a new worry. "Damn it, Sullivan," he yelled, and Red Sullivan, the Ranger captain, looked up with the school-boy's standard "who, me?" expression. "You know how to stop a shot

on your knees?" asked Pike, skating into center ice. Sullivan nodded, but Pike demonstrated anyhow, just to make sure, while Sullivan copied him before a circle of snickering smiles. "O.K., Sully, that's better," said Pike with more compassion than a tough nut like Sullivan needs. Sully grinned back at him foolishly but amiably and the scrimmage resumed.

A few minutes later, the play centered around Worsley's goal, and Pike skated to the other end to say something to Jack McCartan. The only native-born American in the NHL, 25-year-old McCartan, hero of the Winter Olympics, made the astonishing leap from amateur to the major league in one jump, and is so promising that the Rangers may carry him on the squad along with Worsley. This would be an innovation in pro hockey, which generally gets along with only one goalie per team. By sparing him the minor leagues, however, Pike hopes to keep him from "picking up any more bad habits." After a moment with the new goalie, Pike skated away, then suddenly turned to fire an unexpect-

ed puck. McCartan caught it in his glove, and Pike looked pleased. Later he sent Worsley down to McCartan's goal, and the oldtimer cheerfully gave pointers to the rookie who may someday take his job.

When the Rangers at last broke camp they were more than ready for action. They had beaten Toronto and Chicago twice each in exhibition games, and now they were headed by bus to take on four minor league clubs. They won three, tied one and set out for Providence (whose team is coached now by Phil Watson of unhappy memory) and won twice more. Then the season was on them.

Had Alf Pike's relaxed, fatherly air in the training camp really made new men of his boys? You certainly couldn't tell by asking Alf Pike himself. "Watson had a way of coaching, and I have a way," is all he will say about it, "but I can tell you right now, my way doesn't always win either."

Neither, as has already been seen, does it always lose, so now it must be left to the Rangers themselves to find the answer. **END**



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# THE SHAPE OF '61

by JO AHERN ZILL

THE PRESIDENCY may still be in doubt, but the shape of some things in 1961 is becoming delightfully clear. Sneak previews in California and New York have disclosed that the new Sporting Look, on beaches and at poolside, will be the Big Stretch. To the male observer this will mean the disappearance of girls' legs into long, tight pants—pants that are sleek enough to atone for the fact that the legs have disappeared. There are two types of stretchies to watch: two-way-stretch knitted fabrics used heretofore in swimsuits and leotards; and new light woven fabrics with the up-down stretch familiar in ski pants, as seen in Pantino's jumper worn by the girl with the Japanese kite on this week's cover.

Photographs by Christa



STRETCH PANTS (\$30) which can be peeled off to reveal a swimsuit (\$30) of nylon Helanes are a Jantzen approach to the stretch idea for 1961.

CONTINUED



SHAPE OF '81 continues



COOL COMBINATION of silk or rayon and Helanca stretch nylon results in two types of lightweight pants. Far left: shantung pants by Rieel of Haysmaker (\$35) with Arnel shantung tunic (\$12). Left: Mr. Pants' silk-and-Helanca pants (\$40), silk shirt (\$15).



**SHIMMERING STRETCHIES** for entertaining are made of a combination of Mylar, cotton and Lortex that shines brighter the more it stretches. Pants from Sports Classic are black and silver (\$20), are worn with hand-knit sweaters and high-front mules.

**STRIPED PANTS** have confining inside stretch, like a girdle, are held down with straps under the feet. These pants (\$26) from Cole of California are a combination of Vylene and silk, are worn with a bare-midriff top of blue cotton satin (\$8).





## THE BEAUTIES OF BELMONT

*In the proud tradition of the race courses of Europe, New York's Belmont Park combines natural beauty and good taste. Racegoing is a civilized experience here, where even the name of this weekend's big attraction—The Champagne Stakes—has a nostalgic Old World ring*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD MEEK



**T**he purple and white silks of John M. Schiff offer a vivid contrast to the dark ivy rimming the school-room window.



**O**n their way to the post, the horses move with ceremonial dignity past petunias and geraniums and out onto the superb mile-and-a-half track.





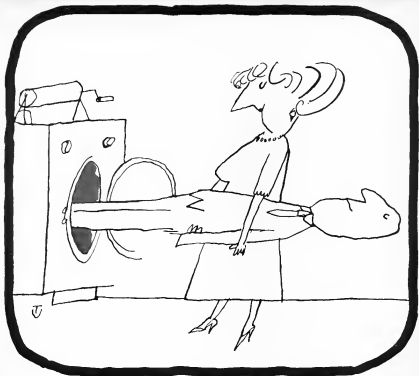
**U**nder the lindens and maples of the walking ring, the field parades before a critical audience, the riders brilliant in blue, pink and emerald green.





**A** carnival of color dazzles the eye as three hurdlers approach Belmont's green-and-white-canopied clubhouse entrance.





"I want to see for myself," said S. W. Guzy

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# BREAM, ROACH AND GUDGEON

**These and other so-called coarse fish, long despised by  
the trout and salmon aristocracy, brought 1,212  
fishermen to the Norfolk Broads for a matchless match**

**by ROBERT MANNING**

THE ORDINARY British fisherman is as placid as the next one. He sits by a quiet stream, hat askew and rod at rest, hoping that his bait will find favor with a pike, a perch, a carp, a chub, a bream, or that it will be molested by a dace, a roach, a rudd, a bleak, a barbel, a pope, a gudgeon or some other creature with a quaint English-sounding name. His sport is coarse fishing, so called to distinguish it from fishing for trout and salmon, and it has become the tranquil pursuit of a million and a half British men and boys.

But for more and more coarse fishermen tranquility has ceased to suffice. Angling clubs have converted several hundred thousand of them to a form of controlled fanaticism called match fishing. The climax of the nine-month season comes for them with the matches of the clubs and leagues they belong to. For 1,212 coarse fishermen the matchless match of the year was held just outside the seaside resort of Great Yarmouth, where 101 teams met for the 43th annual fish-off, the biggest ever.

The hosts were members of the Great Yarmouth, Gorleston and District Amalgamated Angling Associa-

tion. They began preparations by carefully staking out 1,212 fishing positions at 20-yard intervals along the Bure, the Ant and the Thurne. These three sluggish rivers flow through the Norfolk Broads, a beguiling fenland speckled with derochet windmills, mottled by the bright colors of pleasure boats, with stream banks that sometimes are terraced lawn and sometimes are flooded weedy thickets. The rivers abound in two favorite coarse fish—bream and roach. After marking each position with a numbered peg—these competitive fishing locations are known as pegs—they did it all over again. A three-day gale had flooded the rivers and made it necessary to relocate the fishing positions of the contestants.

Before this work was completed the fishermen were streaming into Great Yarmouth in cars, trains and chartered buses, carrying about every sort of fish-persuader except dynamite. These were the cream of the 330,000 anglers affiliated with the National Federation of Anglers, one of the biggest of the workmen's angling associations. They gave the fading summer season at Yar-

mouth a belated enthusiasm. A last flush of the carnival spirit infected the cockle-and-winkle booths and the seafront bingo parlors. The pubs flourished again; workmen from Coventry auto shops, Leicester shoe factories and Shropshire grocery stores traded pints of bitter, exchanged fishing talk and bet on their teams. Coarse fishermen are a friendlier lot than tweedy trout and salmon folk. They are more willing to exchange pleasantries without first insisting on a proposer, two seconds and a full calendar year's acquaintance. For most of them the fishing club is the big diversion, bigger even than the weekly football game. Most of those at Yarmouth were workmen, earning from \$25 to \$60 a week, and did not have a lot of cash to throw around, especially after the few bob that go into the football pools and the occasional nicker that backs a likely horse or greyhound.

## Books and bait

But they liked a wager as much as the next man, and agents of Yarmouth's own Licensed Turf Accountants were on hand to make book on the outcome, about \$15,000 being bet. The odds were 400 to 1 on individuals, and all the way from 6 to 1 or 20 to 1 on teams. The favorite was Coventry, always a hot fishing team and, while Birmingham was not very strong, the Birmingham entrants fancied themselves enough to bet their team into second favorite. Like almost everything else having to do with fishing, the betting was governed by hunches—young Ken Smith, for example, a Norwich shoe worker, belonged to an inept team, but he felt lucky enough on his own account to enter into negotiations with a Mr. Thompson, agent for Licensed Turf Accountant Duggie Pye. "He put a quid on himself each way," Mr. Thompson said later, "one quid he'd win, one quid he'd place." That was typical; there was a quid or two riding on almost every contestant.

Saturday morning dawned bright and sharp. By 6 o'clock the fishermen were gathering in an open-air arena for the drawing of fishing locations. They stacked mountains of equipment and chattered over cups of tea. Many of them were up most

of the night, some because their buses were scheduled to avoid the cost of hotels and others to make last-minute preparations of ground bait.

Ground bait is thrown into the stream to attract fish to the angler's position. Its ingredients are secret, mystical and deeply connected with history, tradition and folklore. In his guide for anglers published in 1681, for example, James Chetnam suggests: "Take Man's fat and Cat's fat, of each half an ounce." And after listing many other exotic materials he says, "This prodigiously causes fish to bite." While man's fat has fallen into disuse, aniseed oil is still a popular favorite, and oil of rhodium has been substituted for more archaic substances. Some sort of bread grain is the basic ingredient—either commercial white bread, dried and crumbled, or bran, whole wheat, breakfast food, dog biscuit or cracker crumbs, perhaps mixed with chopped worms or the fisherman's secret compound. Normally, there is great subtlety in the casting of ground bait. Some coarse fishermen practice by sitting in their backyards for hours beside a pail of water, throwing dainty marbles of ground-bait paste with bull's-eye accuracy. But in match fishing the purpose of ground bait is to bring the fish to one's own peg—or swim, as it is sometimes called—instead of the other fellow's, so a mad lavishness prevails.

#### Luck of the draw

At 8 o'clock the draw for positions began. One by one, the team captains drew from a cloth bag wooden balls numbered from one through 101. Each team had 12 members, and the number drawn determined the position of each member in the 12 sectors. Piling into buses, the team members parted from their mates and were driven to such places as Dungeon's Corner, Acle Bridge, Potter Nelgham, Oby Dyke and half a dozen other embarkation points. Once there, under match rules each fisherman had to carry his own load of ground bait and his gear to his peg. Some of them carried as much

continued

IN A WET PEG a coarse fisherman waits for sneaky bream or roach to nudge bait.





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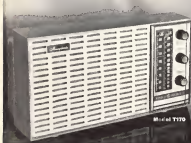
TRIUMPHANT COARSE FISHERMAN HOOKS

### COARSE FISHING continued

as 35 or 40 pounds of ground bait in flour sacks and cardboard boxes. In ventilated cracker tins and boxes they also carried bait for their hooks — maggots (or gentles, as they are called), not the dinky variety produced by the common housefly but healthy, blowfly maggots, cultivated by maggot farmers in fresh-hung liver and sold at 30 shillings (\$4.20) a gallon. To this ponderous burden of fish food, each contestant also added a wicker lunch basket, a set of rods encased in canvas bags big enough to muzzle a cannon, a raincoat, a landing net and a keep net for storing live fish during the match.

At his peg the fisherman got the first intimation of what the draw had brought him. For some the peg proved to be a sunny perch atop a barbered stream bank, languorous and pleasant whatever the fish population. For others it was a comfortable hideaway among thick streamside weeds. For a few score of unfortunates, pegs were precarious positions on flooded lower banks, with water knee-high and scarcely a place to position a basket seat. The one woman among the 1,212 contestants, who bore the name of Mrs. Duck, found herself buried in a small forest of bulrushes. A chap no taller than his five-foot keep net found himself pegged into mud that came to his thigh bones. "It's a mug's game," he muttered, sloshing about like a mad muskrat in search of a place

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FISH LURED TO HIS PEG BY GROUND BAIT

where his gear would be safe from the wash of passing pleasure craft. "I should have left my hlinkin' gear behind and brought my blinkin' swim costume."

"Buck up, cock," said his neighbor, who could see over the weeds, "it's just the luck of the draw."

"Aye," said a disembodied voice from the watery peg adjoining. "If Lady Luck's with you, that's all there is to it. Last year I had a dream of a peg—four foot of water and three foot of bream."

#### Fast start

While stewards watched for rule violations (no advance ground-baiting, no wetting of ground bait), anglers assembled rods. These were mostly nine- to eleven-footers with butts as thick as fungo bats. From sacks and boxes they poured ground bait into buckets, ready to dampen it with water and cast it into the stream the instant they heard the starting signal. They threaded lines, chose hooks (few larger than a No. 12) and laid out Ruhe Goldbergian arrays of floats, bobbers and sinkers and tins and boxes of maggots. Here and there an oldtimer positioned his umbrella as a sunshade. A safe distance back, friends, wives and children spread blankets, parked picnic baskets and settled back to watch.

A flare exploded in the sky over The Broads. Whistles screamed. "Lines in?" bawled the stewards along

*continued*



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### COARSE FISHING continued

miles of riverbank. It was 11 o'clock. Each angler quickly baited his hook with one, two or three maggots, cast his line hastily into the gently flowing stream and with his free hand began madly dipping ground bait. All art was dispensed with in this operation, each trying to lure more fish to his swim than his neighbor; it was a monumental barrage, and within seconds the waters were cloudy with dissolving balls of ground bait.

The ground-baiting provoked great headshaking and laughter from veteran fishermen of the Norfolk Broads who had come to watch. "If that river war' London and that ground bait war' bombs," said one, "there wouldn't be a building standing."

"Aye," said another, "and if I war' fish I war' halfway to Land's End by now."

### Tense immobility

Bream and roach are sneaky fish. Their presence has to be almost as much sensed as felt when they nose about a hook. To snare them requires such concentration that bystanders are not supposed to talk to contestants during a match. The Broads gleamed and preened in the sun. The fishermen perched silently by their pegs, like so many tethered herons, tensed for the slightest feathery tap of a snout on a maggot. If their attention was diverted momentarily it was only to munch a dried-out sandwich or take a pull from a Thermos.

Here and there were a dozen anglers strung out in a row, catching no more than an occasional tiny roach or shimmering small bream. A few yards away, another man who possessed the right combination of skill and lucky position seemed to plunk one- and two-pounders into his net as easily as if he were raiding a fishmonger's icebox. The objective was simply to amass more weight than the next fellow or the next team; the match was an "all-in" contest, meaning that any fish (except an eel) counted, no matter how small. Every ounce counts, and a handful of fish not much bigger than sardines, added to the catch of one's 11 teammates, could decide a match. Consequently, all fish were popped into keep nets to be weighed when the contest was over. (Coarse fishermen customarily return all fish live to the streams, knowing it is the

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only way to keep their sport alive.)

The shadows shortened, and then lengthened again into afternoon. At 4 o'clock another aerial bomb exploded in the blue sky. The stewards whistled and yelled, "Lines out!" The match was over. Fishermen rose on creaky legs. They slowly unmounted rods. A few shuffled off without waiting for the weightmen to come with clanking portable scales. These were the men who had been skunked—or, as they put it, "bloody nowt for a whole day's fishing." The rest stood by until their catches had all been weighed and recorded. The match was so big that four hours passed before all catches were weighed and the fish returned to the water, the figures tabulated and the winners determined. By that time the fishermen were back in the pubs of Great Yarmouth, filling them with gum-booted clatter and good-natured banter. When the count was finished, it was announced that the team from King's Lynn, an experienced band of Broads fishermen, had caught a total of 81 pounds 15½ ounces. In addition to a basketful of trophies, the members from King's Lynn took home about \$2,000 in winning bets. Second was Coventry, with Birmingham far down the list. But the richest haul went to Ken Smith, the shoe worker who had put a quid on himself to win and another to place. His Norwich teammates had not caught enough to keep an alley cat alive, but Smith personally netted 50 pounds 14½ ounces of fish in five hours. He was carried off on the shoulders of his teammates for a few victory pints, his arms filled with hardware. And he was reportedly enriched by about \$2,000.

#### Aftermath of failure

"Bloody well knew it'd be a local," said a man in a pub to his companion. His companion had traveled most of the night to get to The Broads, and after soaking for five hours in two feet of water had caught only three tiny roach scarcely bigger than brucelet charms. Now he faced another long night of riding back home on a bus. He was busily packing leftover ground bait and a tin of unused maggots, and did not answer.

"Whyn't you throw the bloody stuff away?" asked his friend.

"Not by half," he said. "Need them for a match in the home waters tomorrow morning."

END



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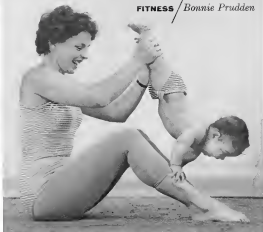
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Photographs by Suzanne Stein



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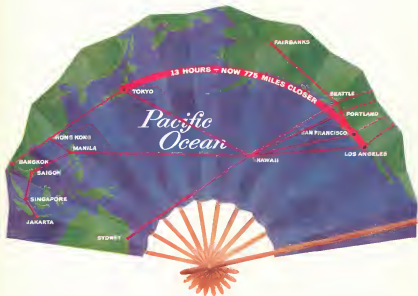
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DUFFY'S SECRET WEAPON, REINER KEBELING (00), WEARING SHORTS OF VARSITY SOCCER TEAM, KICKS OFF FOR MICHIGAN STATE

## Disappointment for Duffy

**C**oach Daugherty of Michigan State had a calculated plan for victory, but at the last moment human fallibility spoiled it

TO Duffy Daugherty of Michigan State all games are big games, but some are bigger than others. It was easy to see that he regarded last week's meeting with undefeated Iowa as one of the bigger ones. Normally Daugherty contents himself with supervising the workouts while his assistants take care of fundamentals.

But for Iowa, Duffy dressed in a zipped-up woolen jacket despite Indian-summer temperatures and busied himself with the tiniest details.

He rolled out of bed at dawn and arrived at his office shortly afterward. He made plans, organized notes, checked and rechecked defenses. After the workouts he returned to his office and stayed there until midnight.

To ease the pressure that invariably builds up during the week, Daugherty cooked up a gimmick. In Michigan State's victory over Michigan the previous week the Spartans' kickoffs had been weak. So, from the State soccer team, Duffy recruited

a pair of booters. Dressed in jerseys, helmets, shorts and knee pads, they kicked off over the goal line all week.

Daugherty's chief innovation, however, was strategic. He decided to give Iowa the middle-of-the-line plays and the hook passes and to stop them everywhere else. In the first half Michigan State did just that. But Iowa's quarterback, a 200-pound junior named Wilburn Hollis from Pecos, Miss., sent his halfbacks up the center for huge chunks of yardage. Iowa drove to two quick touchdowns and just missed a third when Hollis fumbled on the State

*continued*

three-yard line. Michigan State, on the other hand, made only two first downs and had the ball for only 16 plays. At the half Iowa led 14-0.

In the dressing room Daugherty remained calm. "We're going to get the ball and score," he told his boys. "Then we're going to go for the two-point conversion. Then we're going to

score again, kick the point and win at least 15-14."

One of Daugherty's soccer players, Reimier Kemeling (he was born in Holland), kicked off, booting the ball off the side of his foot down to the Iowa six-yard line. Soon after, just as Duffy had planned, Michigan State got the ball and scored, with Daugherty himself calling every play from the sidelines. And sure enough, Quarterback

Tom Wilson faked a place kick and passed for a two-point conversion.

In the fourth quarter Michigan State scored again. The Daugherty blueprint called for a place kick, and it was done. Michigan State led 15-14, just as Duffy said it would. When State got the ball again and moved it into Iowa territory with time running out, it looked as if Duffy had won.

Then occurred a play so unexpect-

## FOOTBALL'S FOURTH WEEK **by MERVIN HYMAN**

### THE SOUTHWEST

Creeping deflation ate further into Coach Bud Wilkinson's remarkable record at Oklahoma as Texas, minging the brilliant running of Jim Saxon and Roy Poage with the slick ball-handling of Mike Cotten, won 24-0 in a typical Longhorn-Souther brawl. It was Texas' third straight win over the overtime national champions, who have now lost two of their first three games.

But there may be trouble ahead for the Longhorns. Hungry Baylor, with a mighty craving for the SWC title, blasted huge gaps in the usually reliable Arkansas line, shot swift Ronnie Bull, Ronnie Goodwin and Tim Minter through for big gains to down the Razorbacks 28-14. The top three:

1. TEXAS (2-0)
2. BAYLOR (2-0)
3. ARKANSAS (2-1)

### THE EAST

"We have been hitting hard, but we lack speed and our passing has been bad." That was how Penn State Coach Rip Engle sized up his team last Friday. Next day, the Penn State linemen did exactly what Rip expected them to do. After a faltering start, they shook up Army with crushing blocks and deadly tackles and put intolerable pressure on Quarterback Tom Blanda. But Quarterbacks Galen Hall and Dick Hoek surprised Engle and flipped the ball with almost unerring accuracy (11 for 15). Halfback Jim Kerr sped through the dazed Cadets for three touchdowns, one on a perfect 25-yard lead pass from Hall; and the Nittany Lions upset Army 27-16.

Complacent Syracuse, which meets Penn State this week, meanwhile stumbled and bumbled through three quarters, barely managed to pull itself together to overtake whooped-up Holy Cross 15-6. Shocked by a second-quarter touchdown, the straining Orangemen edged ahead 7-6 near the end of the third period on Halfback John Mackey's six-inch lunge and Ken Erickson's placement kick, added another score in the final seconds.

Navy, looking better with each game,

as usual entrusted its offense to the able and squat Halfback Joe Bellino, and the Midgies shipped past SMU on a rainy field, 26-7. Chewed out for their deficiencies by Captain Mike Ditka in a secret locker room meeting, aroused Pitt sent Bob Clemens and Jim Cunningham over for two touchdowns, added a 30-yard field goal by Fred Cox to whip Miami 17-6.

In the Ivy League, Cornell found Harvard mortally wounded by the absence of ailing Charlie Ravenel and turned back the Crimson 12-0; Penn, minus two injured tailbacks, was no match for tailback-rich Princeton, lost 21-0; Yale romped over Columbia 30-8; Dartmouth defeated Brown 20-0. The top three:

1. SYRACUSE (2-0)
2. NAVY (2-0)
3. PENN STATE (2-1)

### THE MIDWEST

While Iowa and Ohio State gave every appearance of being the best in the Big Ten, bulky Minnesota successfully guarded against the passes of Northwestern's Dick Thornton, scrounged a third-period touchdown and shipped by the Wildcats 7-0. Wisconsin, too, was still in the race. Using three platoons to wear down Purdue, the Badgers flooded the secondary with deft Ron Miller's passes and surprised the Boilermakers 24-13.

Michigan, cued by the passing of Dave Glinka and the running of Dave Ralney,



**NEW FACES:** Sophomore Charlie Mitchell (left), fleet Washington halfback, scored on 59-yard punt return in win over Stanford; John Schroeder, tenacious North Carolina end, contained Notre Dame's wide sweeps, bedeviled Irish passers.



**BACK OF THE WEEK:** Shifty Penn State Halfback Jim Kerr had best day against Army, caught five passes, scored three touchdowns, gained 63 yards rushing.

brusquely shouldered Duke out of the unbeaten ranks, 31-6. But embattled Indiana flopped in its new stadium, lost to Oregon State 20-6.

It was nearing showdown time in the Big Eight. Kansas struck for 14 points in the first 10 minutes, then fought off Iowa State and its crashing fullback, Tom Watkins, to win 28-14 as Quarterback John Hadl scored twice, passed for a third touchdown. Predicted Coach Jack Mitchell: "Next week we are going to be the first Kansas team in 14 years to beat Oklahoma." The top three:

1. IOWA (2-0)
2. OHIO STATE (2-0)
3. KANSAS (2-1)

### THE SOUTH

Downgraded and lightly regarded, North Carolina had its only fun in years against Notre Dame, shrewdly made scouts' tip pay off for a 12-7 victory. The Tar Heels discovered that Notre Dame played its corner back tight. They picked their spot, sent speedback Skip Clement sprinting past him to take Quarterback Ray Farris' pass for a 47-yard touchdown play. Later, End Mike Gwenday intercepted an Irish pass, ran it back 42 yards for the winning points.

ed, so unpredictable and, to Duffy, so horrible, that no amount of mid-night planning could possibly have prevented it. Quarterback Wilson was running out the clock. He faked, giving the ball to his fullback charging into the line, pulling the ball away from the fullback's stomach at the last instant. As he did, the ball slipped out of his hands. Wilson tried to grab it but batted it instead into the air.

Iowa's fullback, Joe Williams, was crashing through the line as the ball popped loose. In one motion he grabbed it in mid-air and was on his way, 67 yards to a touchdown. That one mistake, careless perhaps but completely human, cost Duffy Daugherty his well-planned victory. It hardly mattered, a few moments later, when Iowa scored again to win 27-15. The damage already had been done.



**LINEMAN OF THE WEEK:** Big Minnesota Guard Tom Brown used his 240 pounds to bowl over Northwestern backs, helped symic Wildcat scoring bids in 7-0 win.

Sturdy Clemson, in no mood to succumb to winless Virginia, won its fourth straight, 21-7. But unbeaten North Carolina State, in the ACC cellar last year, may yet turn out to be the team to beat for the title. The Wolfpack harnessed Maryland's multiple offense and Quarterback Roman Gabriel's pitching arm (nine of 16 and 114 yards) hauled them ahead of the Terps 13-10.

It was like the quiet before the storm in the Southeastern Conference. Front-running Mississippi easily beat Vanderbilt 26-0; Tennessee thrashed Tampa 62-7; Auburn wriggled past fighting Chattanooga 10-0 on sophomore Halfback Jimmy Burson's 165-yard kickoff return; Kentucky tried out a tricky new offense while trouncing Marshall 55-0; Mississippi State beat Arkansas State 29-9; and Alabama took a week off.

However, Georgia Tech's high-geared offense slipped and stalled in the rain at Atlanta, and Coach Bobby Dodd called upon sure-footed Tommy Wells to kick field goals from 22 and 37 yards, his sixth and seventh of the season (tying an NCAA record) to overcome puntless LSU 6-2. Florida was less fortunate. Ball-controlling Rice picked the Gator defenses bare with draw plays, scored on

Billy Cox's 21-yard pass to Johnny Burrell and Max Webb's 25-yard field goal for a 10-0 triumph. The top three:

1. MISSISSIPPI (4-0)
2. ALABAMA (3-0-0)
3. CLEMSON (3-0)

#### THE WEST

Missouri rushed to a 27-0 half-time lead over Air Force with well-planned end sweeps, Donnie Smith's 90-yard punt return and frugal but judicious use of the pass, won 34-8 despite Rich Mayo's desperate passes (25 for 53).

Washington's Bob Schloredt led the Huskies past Stanford 29-10; Washington State's Keith Lincoln ran for two points in the closing minutes to tie California 21-21; USC emerged from its lethargy to outscore Georgia 10-3. The top three:

1. WASHINGTON (3-1)
2. UCLA (3-0-1)
3. OREGON STATE (2-0)

#### FOURTH WEEK LEADERS

(NCAA statistics)

SCORING	TD	PAT	FG	PTS.	
Galters, New Mexico State	9	1	0	53	
N. Jones, Arizona State	6	12	2	54	
Bellino, Navy	6	2	0	38	
RUSHING	R	YDS.	AVG.		
Galters, New Mexico State	72	552	7.67		
Larscheid, Utah State	46	519	11.28		
Hoppmann, Iowa State	64	431	6.73		
PASSING	A	C	PCT.	TDS.	
Mayo, Air Force	39	54	545	594	8
Furman, Texas Western	113	54	479	591	1
Melin, Washington State	81	50	617	730	5
TOTAL OFFENSE	R	P	YDS.		
Dyer, VMI	125	537	722		
Melin, Washington State	421	730	739		
Miller, Wisconsin	58	538	616		
TOTAL TEAM OFFENSE	PLAYS	YDS.	GAME AVG.		
New Mexico State	570	1,690	422.5		
Utah State	264	1,655	414.5		
Mississippi Southern	296	1,126	375.3		
TOTAL TEAM DEFENSE	PLAYS	YDS.	GAME AVG.		
Syracuse	144	285	95.0		
Mississippi	114	549	137.3		
Dartmouth	131	433	144.3		

## SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

**Georgia Tech over Auburn.** Stan Gann's passing will take the Jackets over and around the tough defense of the Tigers, who have no offense of their own.

**North Carolina State over Duke.** State is riding a four-straight winning wave. Roman Gabriel's passes will make the difference.

**Mississippi over Tulane.** Toughened Tulane may test Ole Miss, but Jake Gibbs and a fine line will see the Rebels through to another victory.

**Navy over Air Force.** Joe Bellino running is more of an offense than Rich Mayo passing, but this is a service game and form could take a beating.

**Syracuse over Penn State.** A spot for an upset—if the punting Orangemen continue to falter. State is eager but can't match Syracuse in depth or talent.

**Texas over Arkansas.** Mauled and battered by Baylor, Arkansas will be ornery, but the Longhorn backfield speed and hard-hitting line will be too much for the Razorbacks.

**Kansas over Oklahoma.** Kansas has been waiting patiently for this opportunity and will use its talented backfield and bruising line to make the most of it.

**Mississippi over Illinois.** The Gophers aren't nifty, but their defense is big and tough. The Illinois swiftness will have trouble dealing the Minnesota line.

**Ohio State over Purdue.** Buckeye power and depth will wear down the thinner Boilermakers, whose passing may bother State, but not for too long.

**Washington over UCLA.** Pacific Coast pretense is at stake and Washington will be up for the well-rested Bruins. The proud Huskies will win with Bob Schloredt.

#### Other games

KENTUCKY OVER LSU  
CLEMSON OVER MARYLAND  
ALABAMA OVER TENNESSEE  
IOWA OVER WISCONSIN  
IOWA STATE OVER COLORADO  
ABILENE OVER NEBRASKA  
HOUSTON OVER NORTHWESTERN  
YALE OVER CORNELL  
DARTMOUTH OVER HOLY CROSS  
USC OVER CALIFORNIA

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:  
IN RIGHT, 8 WROTS, 1 TIE  
SEASON'S RECORD: 47-30-3

## The angry young quarterback

**George Shaw has been an understudy to two of football's best passers; now, playing behind the Giants' Charlie Conerly, he has an opportunity to become a top banana**

**G**EORGE SHAW is a stocky, sandy-haired young man who has been the second-best quarterback on the two best teams in football for the last four years. He started his pro career as the No. 1 quarterback for the Baltimore Colts, then had the misfortune to suffer a leg injury. His replacement was John Unitas. You might, with very good reason, consider that his second misfortune.

"No one knows how good Johnny is better than I do," Shaw said the other day, en route to Pittsburgh with the New York Giants. "I sat on the bench for two years and watched him. I developed second-stringitis. I began to doubt myself."

Shaw, a serious 26-year-old who is taking an executive training course in a Portland, Ore. bank during the off season, has a bent for self-analysis. When he discovered two years ago that he was suffering from second-class citizenship, he went to Weeb Ewbank, the head coach of the Colts, and asked to be traded to the Giants or to the San Francisco 49ers; Charlie Conerly and Y. A. Tittle even then were two of the oldest quarterbacks in the league.

"I told Weeb that I thought I was damaging myself and the Colts," he said. "When you sit on the bench game after game you find yourself losing interest. I used to go to Weeb and ask him to let me play a little bit just to keep my hand in. You know, go in when we were way ahead. I told him I thought it would be better for the club if Johnny got hurt. But Weeb's theory is go with one quarterback and that's what he did. Johnny's the same age I am and I knew if

I stayed with the Colts, I'd spend my life on the bench.

"Weeb and Don Kelleff were wonderful," Shaw said. "They made sure I got to the Giants. I've been lucky.



THE NEW GEORGE SHAW SMILES GRIMLY

I've learned my trade from two of the smartest quarterbacks in the business."

When Shaw came to New York, Allie Sherman, the brilliant young Giant offensive coach, took him aside. "It's up to you, George," he said. "You'll be given every opportunity. But you have to do it yourself. You have to be grim and you have to go into a game with an inner anger. You have to take charge."

In his first year with the Giants, Shaw suffered a severe thumb injury and never was able to play much. This

year his thumb is well again and he has assumed the role Don Heinrich used to play as secondary quarterback to Conerly. Shaw had trouble at first learning the Giant numbering system in signal calling, since the Giant and Colt systems are exact opposites.

"I'd be calling the plays left-handed," he said. "The Colts number the holes on one side of the line odd and on the other even and the Giants reversed this. It cost me confidence for a while. I wasn't sure whose signals I was calling. But I've got them right now."

Shaw, after five years as a pro quarterback, still wasn't completely comfortable in the position although he played in most Giant exhibitions this summer.

"When you go in, you feel the responsibility so much," he said. "A couple of years ago, when Johnny was hurt, I played two games at quarterback. I wasn't relaxed and I wasn't confident because I was afraid of playing poorly. Not afraid of giving a bad performance myself, but afraid of failing the team. Maybe I shouldn't say it, but you know when you're out there that the guys up in the line aren't making as much money as the quarterback. When they are great players on a team which is about to win a championship, they demand a lot from a quarterback. They expect you to be as good as they are, or better. It's a big load."

Conerly was unable to play much in the first two Giant games this year because of infected teeth and the burden of quarterbacking fell squarely on Shaw. He squeaked through the first game (a narrow victory over San Francisco) with a relatively undistinguished performance; before the Giants' second game with the St. Louis Cardinals in St. Louis, Sherman needed him. Sherman will not

say what he told Shaw but whatever it was it worked.

"He went into the game grim," Sherman said. "He was mad at me and at the Cardinals and at himself. He was an angry young man. This kind of controlled inner anger is a part of being a good quarterback. All the best ones have it. You've seen Bobby Layne cuss out his team for bad blocking. Norm Van Brocklin does the same thing. Conerly is not that effusive, but he gets his point across to the players. The quarterback has to be able to do that. He has to demand and get respect from all the players on the team. He's got to know more than the rest of them. He's a kind of middle ground, above the players and below the coaches. It's a lonely place and no place for a really nice guy. A little anger helps."

The new, angry Shaw passed for four touchdowns in the Giants' 35-14 victory over the Cardinals. On the way to the game in Pittsburgh, he seemed, at last, sure of himself, relaxed and confident.

"I know I'll get to play here," he said. "I'm adjusted to the receivers on this team now. They're great. A quarterback doesn't have much time to look when he drops back; Gifford and Rote and Schnelker run their patterns so well that you know they'll be there when you look for them. The Colt receivers are great, too, but I never threw to them often enough to get adjusted to their styles of running."

Shaw started against the Steelers. He played for most of the first three quarters, and when he left the game the Giants were leading 12-7. He throws a flat pass, harder than the feathery, easy-to-catch Conerly passes, and Giant receivers two or three times dropped the ball when it was on target. Even so, he looked good, and he ran the team crisply and well.

"He made one call I wouldn't have made," Jim Lee Howell, the Giant head coach, said after the game. "We're ahead 12-7, in field-goal range, and he called a pass that was intercepted. A field goal would have been as good as a touchdown. But then he called another play I wouldn't have a little earlier and threw to Rote for a touchdown. The way I look at it is that it's his game while he's in there to run the way he wants to. He's in

charge, all the way. If I start sending in plays, I have to send all the plays in and I'm not going to start doing that. You have to give the quarterback authority. It is the only way he can run a team."

When Shaw was taken out of the game, late in the third quarter, it was because Howell thought that Conerly, through his long experience and past superlative performances, would provide a psychological lift for the Giants which Shaw, still a relative newcomer, could not. Shaw, aware of the reason, was not angry.

Sitting on the bench, he absorbed an object lesson in controlled anger from Conerly. The 39-year-old Giant quarterback, who has worked very little during the last five weeks, was off in his pining. Time and again he overthrew Giant receivers who had worked free behind the rather porous Pittsburgh secondary defense. Each time he left the field, Conerly looked grimmer and angrier. The Steelers'

own angry old man—Bobby Layne—passed beautifully to young Buddy Dial for a Steeler touchdown in the third quarter, then herded his team into field-goal range in the fourth to take a 17-12 lead with 7½ minutes to play. Here Conerly, tired and weak and, above all, angry, produced two wonderful, desperate plays. On a fourth down deep in Giant territory, he passed 18 yards to Kyle Rote, who lateraled to Schnelker for another 16. Two plays later, he threw a long, tall pass 44 yards in the air and Frank Gifford, timing his leap perfectly, took the ball between two Steeler defenders and fell over the goal for the winning touchdown.

With Conerly recovering now, it is likely that Shaw will play only a quarter or two a game.

"It's a lot better than it was with the Colts," he said. "I'm beginning to get my confidence back. I think aggressively and positively now." And angrily. **END**

## NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

### X-RAY OF THE GAMES

	Pts.	Yds. Rush.	Yds. Pass.	Poss. Comp.
Giants vs. Steelers	19	77	246	14-35
Packers vs. Colts	35	159	86	6-15
Bears vs. Rams	21	198	237	17-33
49ers vs. Lions	34	145	312	13-21
Redskins vs. Cowboys	27	93	19	11-24
Eagles vs. Cards	14	95	188	13-34
	10	97	135	13-22
	26	149	213	10-16
	14	56	275	23-37
	31	94	199	17-23
	27	219	145	10-27

### LEAGUE STANDINGS EASTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
New York	3	0	0	1.000
Cleveland	2	0	0	1.000
Philadelphia	2	1	0	.667
Washington	1	1	4	.500
Pittsburgh	1	2	4	.333
St. Louis	1	2	0	.333

### WESTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Green Bay	2	1	0	.667
San Francisco	2	1	0	.667
Chicago	2	1	0	.667
Baltimore	2	1	0	.667
Detroit	0	2	0	.000
Dallas	0	3	0	.000
Los Angeles	0	3	0	.000

## AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE

### X-RAY OF THE GAMES

	Pts.	Yds. Rush.	Yds. Pass.	Poss. Comp.
Patriots vs. Chargers	35	171	182	9-15
Oilers vs. Titans	0	18	182	21-36
Raiders vs. Texans	27	169	176	13-29
	21	31	336	25-51
	20	101	145	14-27
	19	126	166	13-31

### LEAGUE STANDINGS EASTERN DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Houston	3	1	0	.750
New York	3	2	0	.600
Boston	2	2	0	.500
Buffalo	1	3	0	.250

### WESTERN DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Denver	3	1	0	.750
Dallas	2	3	0	.400
Los Angeles	2	3	0	.400
Oakland	2	3	0	.400







Photographs by Lucine Dahl-Walje

*A distinguished biographer and historian discovers a Pennsylvania family that raises blooded trotters, racing pigeons, dogs by the dozen and happy children. Meet Carolus Wade and his daughter Margie (opposite) and the rest of the zesty, congenial clan at Sheddermill*

# HOW TO KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM

by CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

AT GOSHEN HISTORIC TRACK the grandstand is jammed, though it is barely one o'clock and the trotters won't race till 1:30. The afternoon is brilliant and not too hot; on the infield the flags lift and ripple. The big sprinkler goes its rounds, behind it the triangular rake with its following wave of soft brown dirt: the track will be fast today. Under the murmur of the crowd there is the steady muted sound of trotting as the horses approach the pass on their warmups. Across the field beyond the fences the land rises sharply, thick with trees. On the porches of nearby houses families are sitting out, waiting for bugle time.

*continued*

I am new to the sport of harness racing, green as the infield grass across the rail. But I know which horse I am playing this day—Carolus Wade's 2-year-old, Victor Scamp, by Scotch Victor out of Maid Hanover. I have come up from Pennsylvania not only to see Vic perform but to watch Wade, head of one of my favorite households, drive him. Here at the Historic Track are harness horses and their owners, trainers and general entourage from California, Texas, Canada, Illinois, Florida—and for my money, from Sheedermill Farm, Pa. This morning early, walking by the horse stalls I had seen the printed lettering of famous outfits: Haughton stables, with Billy Haughton driving Worthy Joe, Mr. Pride and Lustine Hanover; Miller stables and the celebrated pacer, Vivian's Adios, sister of the even more celebrated Countess Adios. On my program are four or five Miller entries; Del Miller himself is to drive them. Hanover Shoe Farms is represented, with the veteran

Johnny Simpson up. Amid all this glory and hard professionalism, what chance will the Sheedermill colt have tomorrow—Victor Scamp, who is to pump his valiant 2-year-old heart and legs in the E. H. Harriman Challenge Cup against such champions as Worthy Joe, Mr. Pride, Harlan Dean, Matistar? Did any owner besides Carolus Wade, I wondered, travel the Grand Circuit, with only one horse, or two at most? Victoranda, his other 2-year-old, had pulled a ligament and was in the pasture for 10 days. A couple of the Wade horses were at Baltimore for the races; the yearling filly was just broken and wouldn't qualify until next season. But the Wade record, everything considered, was impressive. Carolus Wade breeds, owns, trains and drives every horse he puts on the track, seldom turning up at the raceways with more than two horses, yet walking off with a good share of the prize money. In 1957, with three horses, he brought home \$17,000; this year he expects to come close to \$30,000. Compared with the big, nationally known stables, such

sums are paltry. Yet Carolus Wade is not a professional horseman but a lawyer with a wide and growing practice. For a man with a wife and eight children, who spends his weekdays in courthouse and office, his evenings baling hay or fixing fences, the record is not bad.

**S**HEEDERMILL FARM comprises some 120-odd acres of woods and rolling, fertile pasture lands in Chester County, 30 miles west of Philadelphia. Carolus Wade and his wife Dorothy, four sons, four daughters, a grandmother and assorted animal entourage live together within or directly without a big fieldstone house some hundred yards from the stables and the training track. A rail fence surrounds the house and shaggy pleasant lawn, where two old Chesapeake Bay retrievers and a three-legged beagle lie in the shade and thump their tails in welcome when a friend pushes open the gate.

A wide, clear stream runs through the property. French Creek, they call it. In spring and early summer when the water is high you can hear it from the house, loud as a waterfall; stocked with bass and trout it gives fine sport. Across a dirt road from the house are the barns, with stalls for 28 trotters. (Carolus Wade doesn't like pacers, though he usually has one on the tracks. Of course they are faster, he says—but what's the logic of a race horse in hobbies?) Here are the brood mares, Maid Hanover, Miami Hanover, Miranda Hanover and their foals—10 standardbreds and three riding horses for the family. One row of stalls opens toward the house, the other onto a half-mile training track, the last quarter of which runs parallel with the creek. Six or seven stalls are rented to neighboring harness racers; the track is always busy. From dawn to twilight there is the sound of trotting—clocklike, muffled, resembling no other sound on earth and, for nine Wades at least, the very sign and affirmation of home.

The Wade offspring range in age from Mary Irma, 24, to Margie, 4 years old—four sons and four daughters, and all but one fervid harness racing fans. The second son, Carolus Jr., 18, has joined the Navy, a career which is as far from trotting horses as a man can reasonably

*continued*



*On the front steps of the old stone farmhouse a group of Wades—mother Dorothy (left), Margie, Andy and Carol Anne—sit with some of the pets.*



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get. Of the three remaining boys, each told me privately that he couldn't live anywhere but the country—"some place where there's room for horses." Except for the 4-year-old, the Wade sons and daughters go off each morning to school or college. Yet the amount of farm work they accomplish each day is staggering: one and all feel they have a stake in Sheedermill. The Wades employ no household help and no farmer, though in the stables there is the usual minimum of one groom for every two race horses. But from May to November the grooms are off with the colts to some raceway or other. When half of the family is away at the races the other half takes hold and simply makes things go at Sheedermill—gets the hay in, gathers the honey from the hives and the eggs from the hens, feeds the animals, the guinea hens, chickens, dogs, cats, rabbits, parakeets and tends the remaining Wade trotters and the boarding colts.

Dorothy Wade, mother of this establishment, is a handsome, copper-haired woman of 44, quick-moving, quick-talking, a graduate of Duke University and by natural disposition a feeder of anything that breathes. The Wades never sit down less than 10 at table; often it is 15 or 18. Dorothy does the cooking. "Are you hungry?" she would ask us at the raceways. "Margie, David, Andy, Carol Anne, Mrs. Bowen—are you hungry? Let me get you a chocolate malted." Ever since they sold the herd of Guernseys, the Wades have bought 360 quarts of milk a month for house consumption. It disappears so fast that I was tempted to ask Dick Wade, aged 20, if he used it to cool the radiator on his baler. Dick is good-looking, with a dash about him that attracts young females, causes the telephone to ring and his family to refer to him serenely as Lover Boy. Dick's main interest, however, is the baler, a huge, many-toothed affair with which he and Andy, 13, get in their father's hay and do custom farming after school for the neighbors.

All three boys are knowledgeable about the farm machinery. Yet I saw no teen-age jalousy in the sheds. Andy told me they had decided not to put a hard surface on the dirt road leading from the



*Margie, youngest of the Wades, is here preoccupied with pet white rabbit which, like most Sheedermill pets, is usually on the loose.*

highway to the stables: "We don't want hot rodders tearing in here, scaring the horses." David Wade, 15, is a powerful boy, who was captain of his football team at junior high school. Six feet tall and weighing 180, David jogs the horses for his father in the morning early and is paid for it. "The only pro in the family," his father calls him. The four Wade daughters, like the sons, are united in the raceway bonds, though the prettiest girl, Carol Anne, at 17 sometimes deserts the track and farm for dates with her beaux. When Mary Irma, the eldest, was away at college she acquired a heavy surfeit, mention of whom still panics the family. I asked what was wrong, was the boy disreputable? Oh, not at all, they answered. Reputation white as snow. "But he was a city boy!"

Mary Irma, now in her last year at law school, will enter her father's law firm in the nearby town of West Chester (population, 20,000). "Wade, Wade and Wade," the lettering on the door will read. It will include father, daughter and Carolus Wade's sister Helen, who lives two miles up the ridge at Birchrunville,

with 15 Thoroughbreds in her stables. (Running horses, these, but Carolus lives in hopes that his sister will one day return to the farm with standardbreds.)

Mary Irma went into the law, she says, in order to earn money and help out with Sheedermill track and the farm. Race horses are expensive business, what with stabling, grooms, feed, veterinary and blacksmith bills and a trainer to look after things when law business keeps Carolus from the raceways. "Sometimes we break even around here, and sometimes we don't," Mary Irma told me. When she was in high school Mary Irma sold sweet corn, eggs, chickens and schooled the neighbors' colts, earning enough to buy a two-horse trailer for carrying her hunters to the shows. By the time she was 17, the girl owned seven horses. And she had learned to groom her father's Guernseys for state and county fairs—braid their tails to make them curly, stain and polish their hoofs, clip their coats, shampoo them with Halo and brush them till they gleamed. While Mary Irma was at Duke University, she cut a roommate's hair

*continued*

# USHER'S

## "GREEN STRIPE"

### For Outstanding Merit



#### ON THE FARM *continued*

with such success that she found herself in demand as a barber. How, the girls asked, had a Phi Beta Kappa student found time to learn to trim hair so stylishly? "Oh," Mary Irma said, "I've been clipping cows for years."

**S**ULKY racing is a dynastic sport. In the past 40 years it has changed enormously, but its traditions pass down the generations. "You have to start them young." It was Mr. E. Roland Harriman who said it at Cochen Historic Track, standing before the microphone in his old straw hat and wrinkled blue summer jacket, looking very distinguished and leaning on a shooting stick. Four generations of Harrimans had kept trotting horses, Mr. Harriman told the crowd. One and all, they were introduced to the sport as soon as they could walk. "That's what does it," Mr. Harriman said. "Now, you take my youngest grandson. . . ."

Margie Wade, aged 4, sat next to me in the grandstand that day. During the races she stood on the seat, jumping up and down with excitement, her blonde pony tail bobbing. "Come on, Number One!" she screamed, to the immense delight of spectators round about. "Come on, Number One!" Margie can count to 12, usually the highest number in a harness race, and Margie learned her numbers from race programs. When lifted on a horse in the race paddock or at home, Margie talks on as unconcernedly as if she were on the ground, and is led off, still talking. Margie plays with dolls like other little girls—except that her dolls are cowgirls who live in a toy ranch house, complete with fences, stables and a corral. One afternoon at Sheedermill I came upon Margie playing with a pack of cards on the porch steps. Closer inspection showed the cards to be tote tickets. Handing me one, Margie inquired what horse I was playing. I said Number Seven and reached down imaginary money, which Margie placed in an empty cigar box by her side.

Mr. Harriman was right, it's well to start them young. Margie's next oldest sister, Dorilee, at 10 is already a skilful rider. Dorilee is a member of the 4-H Club and avid for horse shows. I watched

her take her mare around the pasturing at a canter, doing figure eights. In the next field the yearling trotter, Darn Y'all, was cantering freely, without a rider. Mary Irma stood with me at the fence, observing these maneuvers. To me a colt at the canter is beautiful, but Mary Irma's eye is otherwise oriented. "Watch that yearling!" she said. "In a minute he'll break into a real, struttin' trot."

The family preoccupation extends, it would seem, to their every undertaking. When David was 7 his teacher told the class to bring newspapers to school; she wanted to show her second-graders how



*Ferdinand, wisest of groomers, sees to the well-being of colt Victoranda.*

to read headlines and find out the news. David appeared, all innocence, with a racing form. Yet where betting is concerned the Wades have an easy, come-and-go attitude that would disarm the strictest evangelist. If they win, fine. If they lose, no tears are shed.

Carolus Wade, the father of all this progeny, master of the stables and indubitable master of his household, is a man of 45. Of medium height, he has the strong hands and arms of the farming man. Level eyes are very blue against the tan of his face, dark hair, peppered with gray, is stiff in its crew cut. He wears his

racing silks with an air. Orange and black they are, with four orange stars across the shoulders. Carolus Wade's father, Truman D. Wade, chose colors that would show on a mile track. "I want to see my horses out there," Truman Wade said.

It was Truman Wade who, some 60 years ago, began this family tradition of harness racing. Father and son became law partners in West Chester. In summer Truman trucked his horses to the raceways and drove them. In autumn and winter Carolus traveled with the family dogs—pointers and setters—on field trials from Buffalo to Alabama, serving also as trials judge. Carolus did well with his dogs, notably with Sheedermill Best Bet, who in 1948 won the Middle Atlantic States Amateur Championship. At Sheedermill the house is filled with trophies—blue and red ribbons, cups and plates engraved with the names of trotting horses, field trial dogs or homing pigeons. The first cup is marked 1910, the latest one 1960. When Carolus was 4 his grandfather gave him some barn pigeons in a box. A few days later the boy went to look for them, but the birds were gone; his grandfather had let them loose. "You didn't look after them," he told the child, briefly. Not long afterward, a neighbor gave Carolus two more pigeons. The boy lugged them home in their crate—a two-mile walk—and kept them.

Truman Wade raced his trotters for nearly half a century. He died eight years ago; in Chester County his name is legend. They say he died with his shoes on, still muddy from the track, the way he used to wear them into the courtroom in the mornings. Truman Wade was a trial lawyer of the old-fashioned, fighting type, who would urge anything in defense of his clients. He tried three-quarters of the criminal cases in the county. Around West Chester courthouse he was either loved or hated. He ran for Senator one year, and his defeat was mourned: "With Wade in Washington, we'd have had somebody to stand up for our county." Truman Wade could charm a jury out of its senses: "My client comes before you, wrapped in the cloak of innocence!" Hand on heart, Truman Wade added the American flag to the cloak of innocence; his red tie blazed, his voice shook with feeling. Afterward he would seek out the

continued

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opposing attorney. "Paul," he would say, "I want to go to Brandywine tomorrow to race my horse. Think we can settle this case by noon?"

Truman Wade bought his horses at auction from Lawrence Sheppard at Hanover Shoe Farms, including the well-known brood mare, Delores Hanover, and Maid Hanover, mother of Victor Scamp. This was before the days of pari-mutuel; Truman raced purely for sport. The great driver, Billy Houghton, was one of Truman Wade's early drivers, picked up at Roosevelt Raceway one day about 20 years ago when Wade needed a catch driver. Powell Peacock, the trainer, saw young Houghton drive for Wade and remarked that this looked like a promising young fellow.

**A**t Sheedermill Farm the men are fairly silent around the house and the stables; the women do the talking. Most silent of all is Ferdinand Williams, the groom, a handsome Negro of rich dark coloring, who sports a small mustache, knows his business thoroughly, maintains a wife and three daughters in a trailer near the stables and is always addressed by the full three syllables of his first name.

At the raceways, Ferdinand wears a

bright red shirt, I came to look for it in the early mornings among the trainers jogging around the tracks. Rain or shine, fast track or slogging mud, Ferdinand would be out with Victor Scamp or the 2-year-old Victoranda. When in the stables with his friends, Ferdinand's vocabulary is extensive and, I am told, unrepeatable. But with the Wade women it consisted, in my hearing, of just two sentences, brief and weighted with prophecy: "The colt looks good today." Or—barely audible—"The colt don't look good today." Upon these two pronouncements the family perforce depended each race day morning, until Carolus Wade himself turned up at the paddock.

Not that the Wade ladies are unenlightened concerning their horses. On the contrary, they know the pedigree, wins, losses, faults and virtues of every trotter Carolus has owned or bred. Wife and daughters do not hesitate to advise, either before or after a race. "Daddy, you'll be in the second tier. Watch out for a hole behind Billy Houghton. . . . You pushed Randy, that first half mile. Why do you have to come out in front so quick? Let the colt alone until the stretch." Carolus, a knowledgeable driver, takes it good-naturedly. He is, actually, an easy-natured man, though he holds his stables to the ruthless discipline that is necessary when a man enters the big

competition. Any Sheedermill colt that cannot qualify for the trials is sold, given away, got rid of, in despite of family sentiment. At Saratoga, Goshen, Brandywine, Ocean Downs—wherever we were, and whatever we were doing—the colt was on Carolus' mind. "I'm going back to the stables," he would say. "Got to watch the colt feed, see how he's eating. Got to take the colt to the blacksmith's, think he might do better without the toe weights."

No creatures can wear out shoes as fast as race horses; we spent hours at the raceway blacksmith's. At Saratoga I watched Mr. Reckner fit the trotters with their light steel shoes, flip the shoe over with the tongs in his left hand and, with the mallet in his right, knock off an eighth of an inch, red-hot from the furnace. Then he lifted the horse's foot between the skirts of his heavy leather apron and proceeded as easily as if he had been fitting a lady's slipper. While his own horse was being shod, Carolus watched every step of the process, advising with the blacksmith and discussing what was best. In sport as in the arts, this care for detail, this intensity of interest is characteristic of those in top competition. It made me think of Heifetz, spending hours adjusting the sound post of his violin, or trying 20 strings,

*continued*



Proud on the big farm tractor sits David, 15. He also jogs horses for his father in the early morning before school.



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## ON THE FARM *continued*

from G to E, before he got exactly the right gauge.

Outside the stables, the Wade discipline breaks pleasantly down. Sheeder-mill swarms with pets. Each child looks after its own, and most of the animals are loose. Parakeets dart by one's ear—swoosh!—en route from kitchen to dining room. Guinea hens run uselessly along the road by the barns, screaming like rusty saws at intruders. "We don't eat them," Dorothy said. "We keep them for watchers." Even the white fur rabbits are apt to be out of their box, dragging a loose leash near the porch. Mrs. Wade once had a pet raccoon, she had a goat that ate the shrubbery, she had Siamese cats. She tamed two Canada geese, which followed her about; while they were alive she refused to cook the wild geese shot down by Wade men on the place and brought to the kitchen. No Wade can see an animal for sale without wanting to buy it, or a badly behaving horse or dog without wanting to take hold and train it. "Mary Irma wants sea horses," Dorothy Wade told me. "Andy wants a seal for the pond; I'm sure we'll come across one soon. We're looking for a burro for Marge. The child simply must have something her own size to ride."

Carolus Wade retired from field trials some years ago but kept the bird dogs on the place. One day Mrs. Wade told the boys to count up, see how many dogs they had. "Things seem to be multiplying around here, I'm buying more dog feed than groceries," David rounded up the dogs; there were 65. His father was annoyed. "Didn't I tell you kids to distribute the litters when they came?" . . . "We did distribute them, Dad," the boy said, "among the eight of us."

Back of the house the homing pigeons sleep in their loft; in the early mornings they gurgle and coo, rising with a rattle of wings to circle and bank and drift to settle on their roof. When the pigeons are racing it is Dorothy Wade's duty to watch for their return and clock their time. Occasionally a bird sneaks in and she misses it—a catastrophe, I have noted, native to every racing pigeon owner. Of all the Sheeder-mill birds and animals, only the mention of pigeons brings

*continued*



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### ON THE FARM *continued*

acerbity to Dorothy Wade's voice. Hauling these birds hundreds of miles for training is not Dorothy's idea of sport. She has made too many journeys, she says, "with children all over the front seat and pigeons all over the back." What brightens the general outlook is the fact that today, with the children grown older, Dorothy can go off to the raceways with a free mind. Half the family goes along, the others stay home in their turn. "I used to tack a feeding schedule to the door," she said. "Very elaborate, with everything on it from pet ducklings to the youngest Wade baby. Now I just climb in the car with Carolus and four of the children. The ones at home take care of everything."

Plainly, it is a joyful exodus. I remember the day we went to Ocean Downs, in Maryland, into the small open farm truck was lifted the sulky with its long orange and black poles. There followed two rubber mattresses for surf bathing, a large bag of horse feed, a container with soft drinks, several suitcases, two folding chairs and four large Wade boys and girls, who lounged on the mattresses or perched on the chairs. Carolus drove. I sat in front with him and Dorothy. Behind rolled the trailer with Victor Seamp. We were off for the raceways and, whether the colt won or lost, there would be fun for all.



Off to the races, the Wades crowd

At Goshen the Harriman trophy race—our race—was scheduled third. The fog blew, and five female Wades sat up stiff in their grandstand seats. (The boys had had their turn at Saratoga the week before.) The sulkies rolled on their prerace warmup. Marge screamed, "Daddy! There's my Daddy!"—and Mary Irma said Victor Scamp looked good today. Maybe a little too good, she added, the way he was shaking his head against the cheek ream. "Daddy better watch that colt, he's making up to run." At Saratoga warmups Vic had hiked on a turn, and Mary Irma, distressed, said it must be that stuff in his leg, and she couldn't stand it when people around her bet on a Wade horse and the horse was sore. But hike or no hike, Vic had come in second at Saratoga.

Here at Goshen the competition was every bit as hot. The Harriman Challenge was run in two divisions, and in this first heat the Wade number was nine, placing Carolus in the second tier. The car with the starting gate had scarcely left the track when, sure enough, Vic threw his head, broke stride and fell behind. Afterward Carolus said a pigeon had flown across the track over the colt's head and startled him, Pigeon or no pigeon, we saw Carolus use his whip. We saw the colt, once more in his long trot, overtake the field and pass to second place. "Daddy's fightin' mad," Mary Irma said.

*continued*

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# "King George IV"

### ON THE FARM *continued*

"Look at him—he's pushing Vic. He'll never keep that speed."

She was right, and the field went by. Vic came in fifth, with four behind him. There would be talk about this at Sheedermill tomorrow, I thought. . . . In Vic's next heat 10 horses, the first five from each division, were entered. Worthy Joe, a powerful rival, had been scratched, and Wade was again in second tier but better placed, on the end next the rail.

This time no free-flying pigeons came out of Goshen sky, but seemingly out of nowhere came the Arden Homestead entry, Matastar, to take the lead. Both times around, Matastar and Mr. Pride led the field, with Carolus Wade close behind. First across the finish line was Matastar, then Mr. Pride. Victor Scamp looked a close third, the crowd yelled, the tote board flashed two winners. Third place, we heard, was a photo finish—something about the other horse breaking at the line. We would have to wait until the pictures were developed and studied by the judges.

Suddenly, Vic's number flashed on the board. From high in the stands a joyful whoop was heard, a man ran shouting down the aisle, waving his arms, "Fifty dollars I put on that Victor Scamp!" he howled, and was gone. We ran out of the stands to the paddock fence. Carolus walked over to us, grinning, his hard driver's hat in his hand. He looked at his wife. "O.K., Dodie?" he said. "Thank we'll get to the Hambletonian with this colt next year?"

Four Wades followed their parents to the truck, parked just outside the raceway. On the front seat between her parents, Marge held a fresh brown paper market bag, half as big as she was and heavy with something damp; the Wades were not going hungry on their journey. It would be dark when they reached Sheedermill. The guinea hens would screech by the barns, the old dogs lumber to their feet in welcome.

A good life, a life in sport. Here was one family that was not going to disintegrate with the pressures of modern living. I stood on the sidewalk and everybody waved cheerful goodby. Carolus backed the truck and, turning, headed out of town.

END





# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## THE FANS' SERIES

Sirs:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED: I love you (Best 'Em, March, Oct. 3).

SHIRLEY C. LANGLEY

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

Selling Casey short is one of the easiest ways to lose money there is.

C. R. HAYNES

Clinton, Conn.

Sirs:

"If Groat had been injured earlier, Schofield might be a candidate for the Most Valuable Player award." Schofield or Groat at short, it won't make any difference to the Yankee offense or defense. The Yanks in six games.

TERREH PATTERSON

Evansville, Ind.

Sirs:

Best rewrite and rename your article Yanks is Four.

JAMES TRIPPE

New York

Sirs:

Yankees in five.

PAUL M. HUMANNICK

Wilmington, Del.

## DOUBLE TAX

Sirs:

Re your editorial "Deductio ad Absurdum" (Oct. 3): Is the Internal Revenue Service so stupid as to think that any-

one can come out ahead combating the mutual machines? Don't they realize that one of the foremost reasons why so many people gamble in America today is to try to gain a little "keeping" money? The wealthy satisfy their urge by trying for capital gains in real estate, stocks, oil and other investments. The little man can only afford the \$2 window, the daily double, the foot ball card and the bingo table.

The IRS makes a big publicity stunt out of collecting on daily doubles over \$500, which will net the country very little money. Yet the bureau will not urge Congress to pass realistic tax laws on gambling that would net the country millions.

We note that wise old England makes her football pool winnings absolutely tax free. But, of course, we have fanatics over here who won't admit that millions love to gamble in every manner, shape or form and who think that they can stop these people from gambling by passing tougher and tougher gambling laws. This is not the way.

TOM JENKINS

New Orleans

## WILD CARD GAME

Sirs:

Why should football be different from any other sport (EDITORIALS, Oct. 3)? In baseball, does the batter have the privilege of hitting without a signal from the bench? In basketball, do they take all those time-outs near the end of a close game just to rest? Between rounds, a boxer listens to his handler, instead of

a wild card substitute. The Davis Cuppers receive instructions during each change of court. Sure the coach can push the button, pull at his hat, draw on the floor with chalk or send in a messenger boy to talk to his facelens puppets, but he can't carry the ball, hit the home run, put the ball in the basket or knock an opponent out. I think there will be some exciting football left to enjoy.

DON GEORGE

St. Louis, Mo.

Sirs:

Of course, the wild card substitution is stupid. The entire substitution system in college football is pretty silly. The game officials, in addition to their duties on the field, have to be interrogators, recognition experts and bookkeepers.

Nevertheless, in answer to the age-old controversy of letting the quarterback call the plays: In my opinion, this boy has enough to do what with blocking, faking, passing and running without taking the responsibility for a coach's keeping or losing his job or a school's receiving additional aid from happy alumni—to say nothing of boring or enraging the fans who pay their money to see perfection in football. I am all for letting the quarterbacks call the plays and giving the game to the boys if they let us spectators in free.

RALPH MEAGHINE

New Orleans

## OLD NEW FACE

Sirs:

Porter Shreve (FOOTBALL'S SECOND WEEK, Oct. 3), the star of Penn's opening victory over Lafayette, may be a "new face" to college football but he is certainly not a new face to your magazine. You ran his picture four years ago (Jan. 28, 1956), along with both local and national sports stars, when he received the Washington Touchdown Club award for the best prep school player in the Washington area for 1955. He was an outstanding single-wing tailback for St. Albans School at that time, and Penn is very fortunate to have him as they switch back to the single wing this year.

JONATHAN RICKERT

Mackinac Island, Mich.

● See picture.—ED

## YOUNG PICKER

Sirs:

I was surprised to find that your writer had picked Washington to beat Navy, Northwestern to beat Iowa, and Pennsylvania to beat Dartmouth. All four members of my family have done better. Our 10-year-old picked 19 out of 22.

RUTH MARCH

Wellesley, Mass.

continued



PORTER SHREVE (front row, center) with other winners (left to right) Brennan, Camady, Flynn, Luce; (back row) Morris, Halar, Williams, Brito, Mavraldes and Welsh.



**B-70:** Budget problems and interservice squabbles almost downed the Air Force's mighty B-70 bomber before it could be built. *LIFE* traces the controversial history of the 2,000-mph jet that is planned to fill the time gap before U.S. long-range missiles are ready.

**LODGE AT LEISURE:** Eight years as U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. gave Henry Cabot Lodge a background in foreign affairs that makes him an important election year asset to the Republican party, keeps him on a busy campaign schedule. *LIFE* visits the vice presidential candidate and his family on a rare day at home for a rewarding look at a public figure's private life.

**THE ECONOMY AND THE CAMPAIGN:** Part IV of a continuing *LIFE* series on Background for Voting spotlights the hard and soft spots of the U.S. economy under the Eisenhower administration, then examines the prescriptions for your pocketbook's health offered by both presidential candidates and their party platforms.

**WASHINGTON FASHIONS:** In an unusual eight-page portfolio of full-color photographs *LIFE* shows you the most elegant new American evening dresses of a season that promises to be the most glittery in years. Some highly attractive wives and kin of U.S. lawmakers model these bejeweled and befurred creations using the ornate decor of the Capitol as an eye-catching stage.



# LIFE

**OUT THIS WEEK**



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10TH HOLE continued

### IRRESISTIBLE LION

Sirs:

Re "Immovable defense is symbolized by Coltr's Big Daddy Lipscomb, here toying with Lion Guard Harley Sewell while waiting to see where play is going" (*The Football Game* in Town, Sept. 26).

The fundamentals of offensive line blocking are to get under the opponent's arms, make contact with his body, straighten him up, and use head, shoulders and forearms to drive him into the cheap seats. In the picture it appears the "toyed with" Lion Guard Harley is a pretty irresistible force, and the "Immovable Big Daddy" is about to be moved.

GLYNN CONLEY

Medford, Mass.



IMMOVABLE LIPSCOMB, NOVER SEWELL

### BEST SET

Sirs:

You can't really be of the opinion that the trio of James, Veech and Sutton forms "the best set in the East" (*NFL Scouting Reports*, Sept. 26). What with Sutton being given his release the day *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* was on the stand, Veech being a refugee from the Canadian League, and James being used to a great extent on defense in his tenure with the "Skins, I question your observation.

You must have forgotten the likes of Barnes, Peake and rookie Ted Dean of the Eagles; how about Gifford, Webster and King of the Giants; or maybe Mitchell, Renfro and Gault of the Browns.

TUCKER W. RUMBERGER  
Alexandria, Va.

### ERRATIC BALLY ACHE

Sirs:

"Bally Ache has been as erratic as a hurricane's path" (*Scoreboard*, Sept. 26).

I may be wrong, but if memory serves me correctly, Bally Ache's record is as follows:

Year	Starts	1-2-3
1959	16	6-6-3
1960	14	10-3-1

This is erratic?

HILLER HESIDORFFER  
Monroe, La.

continued



## Which glass holds the Scotch?

**S**URPRISINGLY—all three glasses hold King's Ransom Scotch. But what is Scotch doing in a cordial glass and a brandy snifter? The answer should intrigue you.

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imaginative way—after dinner as a *light liqueur*.

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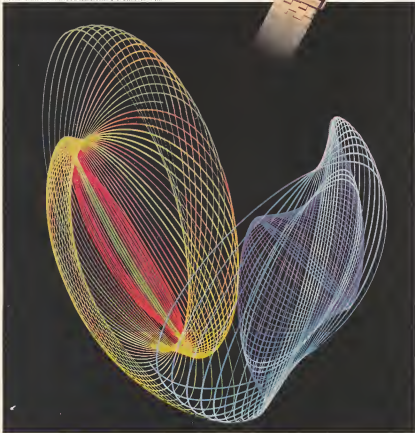
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# TIDAL POOL

Sirs:

As a native San Franciscan, I trod the beach near Fleishacker Pool many times in my early youth (*Pool of Pride*, Oct. 3), but I believe that the caption to the effect that this pool "is certainly the world's largest," is in error.

On a motor trip through Morocco not so long ago I photographed the swimming pool at Casablanca, which, according to the figures of the local *Syndicat d'Initiative* (Chamber of Commerce), measures some 1,600 by 250 feet.

As I watched this gigantic pool I was amazed to see Arab girls swathed in robes and veils from toes to eyebrows enter a cabana and within a few minutes emerge in brief bathing suits.

CHARLES J. BELDEN  
St. Petersburg, Fla.



CASABLANCA'S POOL IN MEDITERRANEAN

● As a kind of man-made tidal basin, the Casablanca pool (see above) is in a different league.—ED.

# BASEBALL SYMPHONY

Sirs:

Your piece *The Music of Baseball* (Oct. 3) evoked many pleasant memories and some regrets that we all weren't around in those halcyon days of yore.

However, I missed reading about the inspired musical renderings of the *Dodger Symphony* and the great *Music Depression Night* that was staged at Ebbets Field in 1952. On that night, thousands of fans showed up, at the urging of Walter O'Malley, with multifarious musical instruments, and the air was split with a hideout cacophony.

Also of interest are the various songs that were written for ballplayers of a more recent vintage. One remembers fondly, and with a faint stirring of the heart strings: *John's Joe DeMaggio*. And the one that posed the musical question: *Did You See Jackie Robinson Hit That Ball?* Four years ago we had the slightly more obnoxious and infinitely suter *I Love Mickey*, in which the dumpy himself intoned the immortal lines "Mickey who?" But then I never did think the latest crop of Yankee supermen have ever had the bearing of real musical heroes.

JOHN L. GARDNER  
Morris Plains, N.J.



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## PAT ON THE BACK



**DOT WILKINSON**

### *A female Yogi*

In 1933, at the age of 11, Dot Wilkinson joined the Phoenix Ramblers as a bat boy, or rather, a bat girl. Before the summer was over, she was a regular on the team—a woman's amateur softball outfit—and this fall Dot completed her 28th season with the Ramblers. In addition she was named catcher on the Amateur Softball Association's All-America team for the 18th time. "That gal," says one of Dot's many admirers, "is a regular female Yogi Berra."

On the field, Catcher Wilkinson is a smart, hard-working ballplayer who doubles as the Rambler manager. Off

it, she is a bustling realtor. "When I joined the Ramblers," says Dot, "I was told we might play a few games out of town. Since then, we've been in and out of almost every state in the Union." Once during a softball world series, Dot recalls, she nearly stretched a bunt into a winning home run. The catcher threw the ball over the first baseman's head, and Dot slid into second. It got away from the fielder, and Dot went on to third. There was another bobbie, and she dug for home—but alas, the errant ball, properly fielded at last, got there first. "I was out by a mile," sighs Dot.





*Muzzle loading for pleasure—photo by Mark Shaw*

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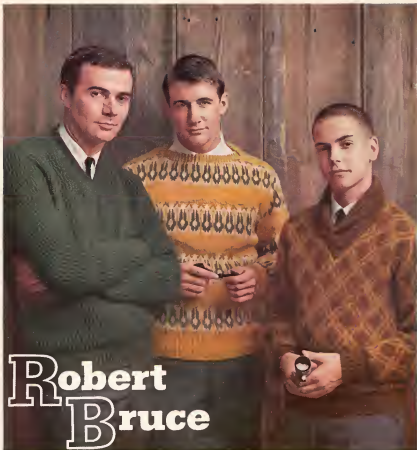
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## '61 corvette

*new form and fineness for America's only sports car*

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more trunk space, too; the luggage compartment is 20% larger for even greater touring convenience. ■ For muscle, the '61 Corvette retains five versions of America's most famous high-performance engine, the Corvette V8. Quick and sharp as a whiplash, this engine is available with up to 315 horsepower in a Fuel Injection version. There are three transmissions to choose from: a brand-new three-speed Synchro-Mesh with new quick accelerating ratios, the close-

ratio four-speed Synchro-Mesh for the keen type, and Powerglide for the boulevardier. ■ There's a feeling of pure confidence about the '61 Corvette, a feeling born of the knowledge that this is the genuine article! See this new one at your Chevy dealer's and you'll know. . . . ■ *If you wanted a Corvette before, there'll be no holding you now!* ■ Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

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